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LIFE AND CHARACTER OF ROBERT BAGE.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

[From Ballantyne's *Novelist's Library*.]

ROBERT BAGE, a writer of no ordinary merit in the department of fictitious composition, was one of that class of men occurring in Britain alone, who unite successfully the cultivation of letters with the pursuit of professions, which, upon the continent, are considered as incompatible with the character of an author. The professors of letters are, in most nations, apt to form a *caste* of their own, into which they may admit men educated for the learned professions, on condition, generally speaking, that they surrender their pretensions to the lucrative practice of them; but from which mere burghers, occupied in ordinary commerce, are as severely excluded, as *roturiers* were of old from the society of the *noblesse*. The case of a paper-maker or a printer employing their own art upon their own publications, would be thought uncommon in France or Germany; yet such were the stations of Bage and Richardson.

The editor has been obliged by Miss Catherine Hutton, daughter of Mr. Hutton, of Birmingham, well known as an ingenious and successful antiquary, with a memoir of the few incidents marking the life of Robert Bage, whom a kindred genius, as well as some commercial intercourse, combined to unite in the bonds of strict friendship. The communication is extremely interesting, and the extracts from Bage's letters show, that amidst the bitterness of political prejudices, the embarrassment of commercial affairs, and all the teasing technicalities of business, the author of *Barham Downs* still maintained the good-humoured gaiety of his natural temper. One would almost think the author must have drawn from his own private letter-book and correspondence the discriminating touches which mark the men of business in his novels.

The father of Robert Bage was a paper-maker at Darley, a hamlet on the river Derwent, adjoining the town of Derby, and was remarkable only for having had four wives. Robert was the son of the first, and was born at Darley, on the 29th of February, 1728. His mother died soon after his birth; and his father, though he retain-

ed his mill, and continued to follow his occupation, removed to Derby, where his son received his education at a common school. His attainments here, however, were very uncommon, and such as excited the surprise and admiration of all who knew him. At seven years old he had made a proficiency in Latin. To a knowledge of the Latin tongue succeeded a knowledge of the art of making paper, which he acquired under the tuition of his father.

At the age of twenty-three, Robert Bage married a young woman, who possessed beauty, good sense, good temper, and money. It may be presumed, that the first of these was the first forgotten; the two following secured his happiness in domestic life, the last aided him in the manufacture of paper, which he commenced at Elford, four miles from Tamworth, and conducted to the end of his days.

Though no man was more attentive to business, and no one in the country made paper so good of its kind, yet the direction of a manufactory, combined with his present literary attainments, did not satisfy the comprehensive mind of Robert Bage. His manufactory, under his eye, went on with the regularity of a machine, and left him leisure to indulge his desire of knowledge. He acquired the French language from books alone, without any preceptor; and his familiarity with it is evinced by his frequent, perhaps too frequent, use of it in *The Fair Syrian*. Nine years after his marriage, he studied mathematics; and, as he makes one of his characters say, and as he probably thought respecting himself, "he was obliged to this science for a correct imagination, and a taste for uniformity in the common actions of life."

In the year 1765, Bage entered into partnership with three persons, in an extensive manufactory of iron (one of them the celebrated Dr. Darwin); and, at the end of about fourteen years, when the partnership terminated, he found himself a loser, it is believed, of fifteen hundred pounds. The reason and philosophy of the paper-maker might have struggled long against so considerable a loss; the man of letters committed his cause to a better champion—literary occupation—the tried solace of misfortune, want, and imprisonment. He wrote the novel of *Mount Henneth*, in two volumes, which was sold to Lowndes for thirty pounds, and published in 1781. The strong mind, playful fancy, liberal sentiments, and extensive knowledge of the author, are every where apparent; but, as he says himself, "too great praise is a bad letter of recommendation," and truth, which he worshipped, demands the acknowledgment, that its sins against decorum are manifest.

The succeeding works of Bage were, *Barham Downs*, two volumes, published 1784; *The Fair Syrian*, two volumes, published (about) 1787; *James Wallace*, three volumes, published 1788; *Man as he is*, four volumes, published 1792; *Hermesprong, or Man as he is not*, three volumes, published 1796. It is, perhaps, without a parallel in the annals of literature, that, of six dif-

ferent works, comprising a period of fifteen years, the last should be, as it unquestionably is, the best. Several of Bage's novels were translated into German, and published at Frankfort.

Whoever has read Haley's *Life of Cowper* will not be sorry that an author should speak for himself, instead of his biographer speaking for him: on this principle are given some extracts from the letters of Robert Bage to his friend William Hutton. Hutton purchased nearly all the paper which Bage made during forty-five years; and, though Bage's letters were letters of business, they were written in a manner peculiarly his own, and friendship was, more or less, interwoven in them; for trade did not, in him, extinguish or contract one finer feeling of the soul. Bage, in his ostensible character of a paper-maker, says,—

"March 28, 1785.

"I swear to thee, I am one of the most cautious men in the world, with regard to the excise; I constantly interpret against myself in doubtful points; and, if I knew a place where I was vulnerable, I would arm it with the armour of Achilles. I have already armed myself all over with the armour of righteousness, but that signifies nothing with our people of excise."

"August 15, 1787.

"Oh how I wish thou would'st bend all thy powers to write a History of Excise—with cases—showing the injustice, the inequality of clauses in acts, and the eternal direction every new one takes towards the oppression of the subject: it might be the most useful book extant. Of whites and blues, blue demy only can come into thy magazine, and that at great risk of contention with the Lords of the Exchequer; for I know not whether I have understood the sense of people who have seldom the good luck to understand themselves. The paper sent is charged at the lowest price at which a sober paper-maker can live and drink small beer."

"December 10, 1788.

"Authors, especially when they have acquired a certain degree of reputation, should be candid, and addicted to speak good, as well as evil, of poor dumb things. The rope paper is too thin, I own; but why abuse it from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot? If I have eyes, it has many good qualities, and I hope the good people of Birmingham may find them out. But it is too thin.—I am heartily and sincerely concerned for it: but, as I cannot make it thicker, all I can do is to reduce the price. Thou proposest three-pence a ream—I agree to it. If thou really believest six-pence ought to be abated, do it. Combine together the qualities of justice and mercy, and to their united influence I leave thee."

"February 23, 1789.

"The certainty that it cannot be afforded at the stipulated price, makes me run my rope paper too thin. Of this fault, however, I

must mend, and will mend, whether thou canst, or canst not mend my price. I had rather lose some profit than sink a tolerable name into a bad one."

"*March 11, 1793.*

"I make no bill-of-parcels. I do not see why I should give myself the trouble to make thee bills of parcels, as thou canst make them thyself; and, more especially, when it is probable thou wilt make them more to my liking than the issues of my own pen. If the paper is below the standard so far as to oblige thee to lower the price, I am willing to assist in bearing the loss. If the quantity overburthens thee, take off a shilling a bundle—or take off two; for thy disposition towards me—I see it with pleasure—is kindly."

"*June 30, 1795.*

"Every thing looks black and malignant upon me.—Men clamouring for wages which I cannot give—women threatening to pull down my mill—rags raised by freight and insurance—excise officers depriving me of paper! Say, if thou canst, whether these gentlemen of the excise office can seize paper after it has left the maker's possession?—after it has been marked?—stamped?—signed with the officer's name?—Excise duty paid?—Do they these things?—Am I to hang myself?"

"*June 6, 1799.*

"Thou canst not think how teasing the excise officers are about colour. They had nearly seized a quantity of common cap paper, because it was whitened by the frost. They have an antipathy to any thing whiter than sackcloth."

Bage actually had paper seized by the excise officers, and the same paper liberated, seized again, and again liberated. If his wisdom and integrity have been manifested in the foregoing extracts, the ignorance and folly of these men, or of their masters, must be obvious.

A few extracts, not so immediately connected with conduct in trade, may not be superfluous.—

"I swear by Juno, dear William, that one man cannot be more desirous of dealing with another than I am with thee. The chain that connects us cannot be snapped asunder without giving me pain almost to torture. Thou art not so sure of having found the place where Henry the Seventh was lost as thou mightest have been of finding Elford and a friend."

"I received thy pamphlet,* and am not sure whether I have not read it with more pleasure than any of thy former works. It is lively and the reasoning just. Only remember, it is sometimes against the institutions of juries and county courts that thou hast

* Dissertation on Juries.

directed thy satire, which, I think, ought to be confined to the abuses of them. But why abusest thou me? Didst thou not know of *Mount Henneth*, and *Barham Downs*, before publication? Yea, thou didst; I think thou didst also of *The Fair Syrian*. Of what, then, dost thou accuse me? Be just. And why dost thou call me an infidel? Do I not believe in every thing thou sayest? And am I not impatient for thy *Derby*? I am such a scoundrel as to grumble at paying 30 per cent. *ad valorem*, which I really do, and more, on my boards, as if one could do too much for one's king and country. But I shall be rewarded when thy *History of Derby* comes forth."

"Miss Hutton was the harbinger of peace and good-will from the reviewers. I knew she had taste and judgment; I knew also that her encomium would go beyond the just and proper bounds; but I also believed she would not condescend to flatter without some foundation."

"Eat my breakfast quietly, thou varlet! So I do when my house does not smoke, or my wife scold, or the newspapers do not tickle me into an irritation, or my men clamour for another increase of wages. But I must get my bread by eating as little of it as possible; for my Lord Pitt will want all I can screw of overplus. No matter, ten years* hence, perhaps, I shall not care a farthing."

"Another meeting among my men! Another (the third) raising of wages! What will all this end in? William Pitt seems playing off another of his alarming manœuvres—Invasion—against the meeting of Parliament to scare us into a quiet parting with our money."

"If thou hast been again into Wales, and hast not expired in ecstasy, I hope to hear from thee soon. In the interim, and always and evermore, I am thine."

"I am afraid thy straggling mode of sending me any body's bills, and every body's bills, will subject me often to returned ones. But I have received good at thy hands, and shall I not receive evil? Every thing in this finest, freest, best of all possible countries, grows worse and worse, and why not thou?"

"I looked for the anger thou talked'st of in thy last, but could not find it; and for what would'st thou have been angry, if thou could'st? Turn thy wrath from me, and direct it against the winds and the fogs. In future, I fear it will be directed against the collectors of dirty rags in London and in Germany, where the prices, 'have increased, are increasing, and ought to be diminished'—but will not be so, because we begin the century by not doing what we ought to do. What we shall do at the end of it I neither know nor care."

In October, 1800, Bage had visited Hutton at Birmingham, where the latter still passed the hours of business, and had taken Bennet's

* Bage lived eight months after the date of this letter, which was written Jan. 24, 1801.

Hill in his way home to call on Catherine Hutton, the daughter of his friend. Both were alarmed at the alteration in Bage's countenance, which exhibited evident symptoms of declining health. They believed that they should see him no more; and he was probably impressed with the same idea, for, on quitting the house at Birmingham, he cordially shook hands with Samuel Hutton, the grand nephew of his friend, and, said, "Farewell, my dear lad, we shall meet again in heaven."

At home, Bage seems to have indulged the hope of another meeting in the present world; for, two months after his letter of January, he says, in a letter to Hutton, "Tell Miss Hutton that I have thought of her some hundred times since I saw her; insomuch that I feared I was falling in love. I do love her as much as a man seventy-three years of age, and married, ought to love. I like the idea of paying her a visit, and will try to make it in reality some time—but not yet." In April he was scarcely able to write a letter. In June he was again incapable of attending to business; but in reply to his friend, who had mentioned paying him a visit, he said, "I should have been glad and sorry, dear William, to have seen thee at Tamworth." On the 1st of September, 1801, he died.

Bage had quitted Elford, and during the last eight years of his life he resided at Tamworth, where he ended his days. His wife survived him, but is since dead. He had three sons, one of whom died as he was approaching manhood, to the severe affliction of his father. Charles, the eldest son, settled at Shrewsbury, where he was the proprietor of a very extensive cotton manufactory. He died in 1822 at the age of 70. Edward, the younger son, was apprenticed to a surgeon and apothecary at Tamworth, where he afterwards followed his profession. He died many years before his brother. Both possessed a large portion of their father's talents, and equalled him in integrity and moral conduct.

In his person, Robert Bage was rather under the middle size, and rather slender, but well proportioned. His complexion was fair and ruddy; his hair light and curling; his countenance intelligent, yet mild and placid. His manners were courteous, and his mind was firm. His integrity, his honour, his devotion to truth, were undeviating and incorruptible; his humanity, benevolence, and generosity, were not less conspicuous in private life, than they were in the principal characters in his works. He supplied persons he never saw with money, because he heard they were in want. He kept his servants and his horses to old age, and both men and quadrupeds were attached to him. He behaved to his sons with the unremitting affection of a father; but, as they grew up, he treated them as men and equals, and allowed them that independence of mind and conduct which he claimed for himself.

On the subject of servants, Bage says, in *The Fair Syrian*, "I pity those unhappy masters, who, with unrelenting gravity, damp the effusions of a friendly heart, lest something too familiar for their lordly pride should issue from a servant's lips." Of a parent he

says, in the same work, "Instead of the iron rod of parents, he used only the authority of mild persuasion, and cultivated the affections of his children by social intercourse, and unremitting tenderness." It matters not into what mouth Robert Bage put these sentiments; they were his own, his practice was conformable to them, and their good effects were visible on all around him.

The following comparison between Robert Bage and his friend, William Hutton, was written by Charles Bage, son of the former, in a letter to Catherine Hutton, daughter of the latter, October 6th, 1816.

"The contrast between your father's life and mine is curious. Both were distinguished by great natural talents; both were mild, benevolent, and affectionate, qualities which were impressed on their countenances; both were indignant at the wantonness of pride and power; both were industrious, and both had a strong attachment to literature; yet with these resemblances, their success in life was very different; my father never had a strong passion for wealth, and he never rose into opulence. Your father's talents were continually excited by contact with 'the busy haunts of men;' my father's were repressed by a long residence in an unfrequented place, in which he shunned the little society he might have had, because he could not relish the conversation of those whose minds were less cultivated than his own. In time, such was the effect of habit, that, although when young, he was lively and fond of company, he enjoyed nothing but his book and pen, and a pool at quadrille with ladies. He seems, almost always, to have been fonder of the company of ladies than of men."

After this satisfactory account of Bage's life and character, there remains nothing for the editor but to offer a few critical remarks upon his compositions.

The general object of Robert Bage's compositions is rather to exhibit character, than to compose a narrative; rather to extend and infuse his own political and philosophical opinions, in which a man of his character was no doubt sincere, than merely to amuse the reader with the wonders, or melt him with the sorrows of a fictitious tale. In this respect he resembled Voltaire and Diderot, who made their most formidable assaults on the system of religion and politics which they assailed, by embodying their objections in popular narratives. Even the quaint, facetious, ironical style of this author seems to be copied from the lesser political romances of the French school; and if Bage falls short of his prototypes in wit, he must be allowed to exhibit, upon several occasions, a rich and truly English vein of humour, which even Voltaire does not possess.

Respecting the tendency and motive of these works, it is not the editor's purpose to say much. Bage appears, from his peculiar style, to have been educated a quaker, and he has always painted the individuals of that primitive sect of Christians in amiable colours, when they are introduced as personages into his novels. If

this was the case, however, he appears to have wandered from their tenets into the wastes of scepticism; and a sectary, who had reasoned himself into an infidel, could be friend neither to the church of England, nor the doctrines which she teaches. His opinions of state affairs were perhaps a little biassed by the frequent visits of the excise men, who levied taxes on his commodities, for the purpose of maintaining a war which he disapproved of. It was most natural that a person who considered tax-gatherers as extortioners, and the soldiers who were paid by the taxes, as licensed murderers, should conceive the whole existing state of human affairs to be wrong; and if he was conscious of talent, and the power of composition, he might, at the same time, naturally fancy that he was called upon to put it to rights. No opinion was so prevalent in France, and none passed more current among the admirers of French philosophy in Britain, as that the power of framing governments, and of administering them, ought to remain with persons of literary attainments; or, in other words, that those who can most easily and readily write books, are therefore best qualified to govern states. Whoever peruses the writings of the late ingenious Madame de Stael, will perceive that she (one of the most remarkable women certainly in her time) lived and died in the belief, that revolutions were to be effected, and countries governed by a proper succession of clever pamphlets. A nation which has long enjoyed the benefit of a free press, does not furnish so many believers in the omnipotence of literary talent. Men are aware that every case may be argued on both sides, and seldom render their assent to any proposition merely on account of the skill with which it is advocated or illustrated. The editor of this work was never one of those who think that a good cause can suffer much by free discussion, and admits Mr. Bage's novels into the collection of British novelists, as works of talent and genius, though differing entirely both from his political and theological tenets. It is a kind of composition more adapted to confirm those who hold similar opinions with the author, by affording them a triumph at the expense of their opponents, than to convince those who may be disposed calmly to investigate the subject. They who are disposed to burn an obnoxious or unpopular person in effigy, care little how far his dress and external appearance are exaggerated; and, in the same way, it requires little address in an author, to draw broad caricatures of those whom he regards as foes, or to make specious and flattering representations of such as he considers as friends. They who look on the world with an impartial eye, will scarcely be of opinion, that Mr. Bage has seized the true features which distinguish either the upper or lower ranks. The highest and the lowest rank in society are each liable indeed to temptations, peculiarly their own, and their relative situation serves to illustrate the wisdom of the prayer, "Give me neither poverty nor riches." But these peculiar propensities, we think, will in life be found considerably different from the attributes ascribed to the higher and

lower classes by Mr. Bage. In most cases, his great man resembles the giant of the ancient romance of chivalry, whose evil qualities were presumed from his superior stature, and who was to be tilted at and cut to pieces, merely because he stood a few inches higher than his fellow mortals. But the very vices and foibles of the higher classes are of a kind different from what Bage has frequently represented them. Men of rank, in the present day, are too indifferent, and too indolent, to indulge any of the stormy passions, and irregular, but vehement desires, which create the petty tyrant, and perhaps formerly animated the feudal oppressor. Their general fault is a want of energy, or, to speak more accurately, an apathy, which is scarcely disturbed even by the feverish risks to which they expose their fortune, for the sole purpose, so far as can be discerned, of enjoying some momentary excitation. Amongst the numbers, both of rank and talent, who lie stranded upon the shores of Spenser's Lake of Idleness, are many who only want sufficient motives for exertion, to attract at once esteem and admiration; and among those, whom we rather despise than pity, a selfish apathy is the predominating attribute.

In like manner, the habits of the lower classes are far from affording, exclusively, that rich fruit of virtue and generosity which Mr. Bage's writings would teach us to expect. On the contrary, they are discontented, not unnaturally, with the hardships of their situation, occupied too often in seizing upon the transient enjoyments which chance throws in their way, and open to temptations which promise to mend their condition in life, at least to extend the circle of their pleasures at the expense of their morals.

Those, therefore, who weigh equally, will be disposed to think that the state of society most favourable to virtue, will be found amongst those who neither want nor abound, who are neither sufficiently raised above the necessity of labour and industry, to be satiated by the ready gratification of every wild wish, as it arises, or so much depressed below the general scale of society, as to be exasperated by struggles against indigence, or seduced by the violence of temptations which that indigence renders it difficult to resist.

Though we have thus endeavoured to draw a broad line of distinction between the vices proper to the conditions of the rich and the poor, the reader must be cautious to understand these words in a relative sense. For men are not rich or poor in relation to the general amount of their means, but in proportion to their wants and their wishes. He who can adjust his expenses within the limits of his income, how small soever that may be, must escape from the temptations which most easily beset indigence; and the rich man, who makes it his business, as it is his duty, to attend to the proper distribution of his wealth, shall be equally emancipated from those to which opulence is peculiarly obnoxious.

This misrepresentation of the different classes in society is not the only speculative error in which Bage has indulged during these

poetic narratives. There is in his novels a dangerous tendency to slacken the reins of discipline upon a point, where, perhaps, of all others, society must be benefited by their curbing restraint.

Fielding, Smollet, and other novelists, have, with very indifferent taste, brought forward their heroes as rakes and debauchees, and treated with great lightness those breaches of morals, which are too commonly considered as venial in the male sex; but Bage has extended, in some instances, that license to females, and seems at times even to sport with the ties of marriage, which is at once the institution of civil society most favourable to religion and good order, and that which, in its consequences, forms the most marked distinction between man and the lower animals. All the influence which women enjoy in society—their right to the exercise of that maternal care which forms the first and most indelible species of education; the wholesome and mitigating restraint which they possess over the passions of mankind; their power of protecting us when young, and cheering us when old—depend so entirely upon their personal purity, and the charm which it casts around them, that, to insinuate a doubt of its real value, is wilfully to remove the broadest corner-stone on which civil society rests, with all its benefits, and with all its comforts. It is true, we can easily conceive that a female like Miss Ross, in *Barham Downs*, may fall under the arts of a seducer, under circumstances so peculiar as to excite great compassion, nor are we so rigid as to say that such a person may not be restored to society, when her subsequent conduct shall have effaced recollection of her error. But she must return thither as an humble penitent, and has no title to sue out her pardon as a matter of right, and assume a place as if she had never fallen from her proper sphere. Her disgrace must not be considered as a trivial stain, which may be communicated by a husband, as an exceeding good jest, to his friend and correspondent; there must be, not penitence and reformation alone, but humiliation and abasement in the recollection of her errors. This the laws of society demand even from the unfortunate; and to compromise farther, would open a door to the most unbounded licentiousness. With this fault in principle is connected an indelicacy of expression frequently occurring in Bage's novels, but which, though a gross error in point of taste, we consider as a matter of much less consequence than the former.

Having adverted to this prominent error in Mr. Bage's theory of morals, we are compelled to remark that his ideas respecting the male sex are not less inaccurate, considered as rules of mental government, than the over indulgence with which he seems to regard female frailty. Hermsprong, whom he produces as the ideal perfection of humanity, is paraded as a man, who, freed from all the nurse and all the priest has taught, steps forward on his path, without any religious or political restraint, as one who derives his own rules of conduct from his own breast, and avoids or resists all temptations of evil passions, because his reason teaches him that

they are attended with evil consequences. In the expressive words of our moral poet, Wordsworth, he is

"A reasoning, self-sufficient thing,
An intellectual all-in-all."

But did such a man ever exist? Or are we, in the fair construction of humanity, with all its temptations, its passions, and its frailties, entitled to expect such perfection from the mere force of practical philosophy? Let each reader ask his own bosom, whether it were possible for him to hold an unaltered tenor of moral and virtuous conduct, did he suppose that to himself alone he was responsible, and that his own reason, a judge so peculiarly subject to be bribed, blinded, and imposed upon by the sophistry with which the human mind can gloss over those actions to which human passions so strongly impel us, was the ultimate judge of his actions? Let each reader ask the question at his own conscience, and if he can honestly and conscientiously answer in the affirmative, he is either that faultless monster which the world never saw, or he deceives himself as grossly as the poor devotee, who, referring his course of conduct to the action of some supposed internal inspiration, conceives himself, upon a different ground, incapable of crime, even when he is in the very act of committing it.

We are not treating this subject theologically; the nature of our present work excludes such serious reasoning: but we would remind, even in these slight sketches, those who stand up for the self-sufficient morality of modern philosophy, or rather sophistry, that the experiment has long since been tried on a large scale. Whatever may be the inferiority of the ancients in physical science, it will scarce be denied, that in moral science they possessed all the lights which the unassisted reason, that is now referred to as the sufficient light of our paths, could possibly attain. Yet, when we survey what their system of ethics did for the perfection of the human species, we will see that but a very few even of the teachers themselves have left behind them such characters as tend to do honour to their doctrines. Some philosophers there were, who, as instructors in morality, showed a laudable example to their followers; and we will not invidiously inquire how far these were supported in their self-denial, either by vanity, or the desire of preserving consistency, or the importance annexed to the founder of a sect; although the least of these motives afford great support to temperance, even in cases where it is not rendered easy by advanced age, which of itself calms the more stormy passions. But the satires of Juvenal, of Petronius, and, above all, Lucian, show what slight effect the doctrines of Zeno, Epictetus, Plato, Socrates, and Epicurus, produced on their avowed followers, and how little influence the beard of the stoic, the sophistry of the academician, and the self-denied mortification of the cynic, had upon the sects which derived their names from these distinguished philosophers. We will find that these pretended despisers of sensual

pleasure shared the worst vices of the grossest age of society, and added to them the detestable hypocrisy of pretending, that they were all the while guided by the laws of true wisdom and of right reason.

If, in modern times, they who owned the restraint of philosophical discipline alone have not given way to such gross laxity of conduct, it is because those principles of religion, which they affect to despise, have impressed on the public mind a system of moral feeling unknown till the general prevalence of the Christian religion; but which, since its predominance, has so generally pervaded European society, that no pretender to innovation can directly disavow its influence, though he endeavours to show that the same results which are recommended from the Christian pulpit, and practised by the Christian community, might be reached by the unassisted efforts of that human reason to which he counsels us to resign the sole regulation of our morals.

In short, to oppose one authority in the same department to another, the reader is requested to compare the character of the philosophic Square in *Tom Jones*, with that of Bage's philosophical heroes; and to consider seriously, whether a system of ethics, founding an exclusive and paramount court in a man's own bosom for the regulation of his own conduct, is likely to form a noble, enlightened, and generous character, influencing others by superior energy and faultless example; or whether it is not more likely, as in the observer of the rule of right, to regulate morals according to temptation and to convenience, and to form a selfish, sophistical hypocrite, who, with morality always in his mouth, finds a perpetual apology for evading the practice of abstinence, when either passion or interest solicit him to indulgence.

We do not mean to say that, because Bage entertained erroneous notions, he therefore acted viciously. The history of his life, so far as known to us, indicates a contrary course of conduct. It would seem, from his language, as we have already said, that he had been bred among the strict and benevolent sect of friends, and if their doctrines carried him some length in speculative error, he certainly could derive nothing from them to favour laxity of morals. In his fictitious works, the quakers are always brought forward in an amiable point of view; and the characters of Arnold, and particularly of Miss Carlile, are admirable pictures of the union of talent, and even wit, with the peculiar manners and sentiments of these interesting and primitive persons. But, if not vicious himself, Bage's leading principles are such as, if acted upon, would introduce vice into society; in men of a fiercer mould, they would lead to a very different line of conduct from his own; and, such being the case, it was the editor's duty to point out the sophistry on which they are founded.

The works of Bage, abstracted from the views which we have endeavoured to point out, are of high and decided merit. It is scarce possible to read him without being amused, and, to a certain

degree, instructed. His whole efforts are turned to the development of human character; and, it must be owned, he possessed a ready key to it. The mere story of the novels seldom possesses much interest—it is the conduct of his personages, as thinking and speaking beings, in which we are interested; and, contrary to the general case, the reader is seldom or never tempted to pass over the dialogue in order to continue the narrative. The author deals occasionally in quick and improbable conversions, as in that of Sir George Osmond, from selfishness and avarice, to generosity and liberality, by the mere loveliness of virtue in his brother and his friends. And he does not appear to have possessed much knowledge of that species of character which is formed by profession or by nationality. His seamen are indifferent; his Irishmen not beyond those usually brought on the stage; his Scotchmen still more awkward caricatures, and the language which he puts in their mouths, not similar to any that has been spoken since the days of Babel. It is in detecting the internal working of a powerful understanding, like that of Paracelsus Holman, that Bage's power chiefly consists; and great that power must be, considering how much more difficult it is to trace those varieties of character which are formed by such working, than merely to point out such as the mind receives from the manners and customs of the country in which it has ripened.

A light, gay, pleasing air, carries us agreeably through Bage's novels, and when we are disposed to be angry at seeing the worse made to appear the better reason, we are reconciled to the author by the ease and good humour of his style. We did not think it proper to reject the works of so eminent an author from the collection of the British Novelists, merely on account of speculative errors. We have done our best to place a mark on these; and, as we are far from being of opinion, that the youngest and most thoughtless derive their serious opinions from works of this nature, we leave them for our reader's amusement, trusting that he will remember that a good jest is no argument; that a novelist, like the master of a puppet-show, has his drama under his absolute authority; and that whether the devil flies away with Punch, or Punch strangles the devil, forms no real argument as to the comparative power of either one or other, but only indicates the special pleasure of the master of the motion.

SELECTED FOR THE MUSEUM.

The Troubadour, and other Poems. By L. E. L. Author of the "Improvisatrice," &c. Small 8vo. pp. 336. 10s. 6d. Boards. Hurst, Robinson, and Co. 1825.

MISS LANDON has secured, in the title of her principal poem, a charm which awakens many delightful associations. It renews our

recollections of Provence, her "ivy mantled" castles, her forest-shades, her fragrant climate, her high-born, graceful, and impassioned women, and, crowning all, her early devotion to the witcheries of poetry and music. The golden age of chivalry, when heroism and minstrelsy found their best stimulus and reward in the smile of beauty, is brought before us by the sound of the Troubadour's guitar; and, fascinated by its influence, we never think of inquiring to what extent such an age existed in reality, or how far it was the mere creation of romance. In truth, it is of little importance, so far as the pleasure of the imagination is concerned, whether our impressions concerning that period are founded on history, or legend. It is enough for the poet to know that we possess such impressions, no matter from what source they are derived; and all that he has to think of is, how they are to be allied with new inventions of a kindred character.

Strictly speaking, perhaps, the title is not altogether justifiable, for it is assumed only from the circumstance of the hero of the poem appearing, near its conclusion, in the disguise of a Troubadour. But it would not be generous, or useful, criticism, to resist the authority of the poet in such a case as this, particularly as the feelings which are kindled in every page of the work, the imagery with which it is illustrated, and the incidents of which it is composed, are all marked by that exquisite genius for which the Troubadours were famed. Like that happy race, Miss Landon seems to draw her inspiration from a passion, which is the same as to its power in all ages, and in every aspect is deeply interwoven with the interests of mankind. Like the Provençal poetry, Miss Landon's is distinguished by great tenderness, and by a perpetual yet varied flow of imagination, which appeals to the inward world of the heart, and to every gentle object connected with it in external nature. The perfume of the rose, the colour of the lily, the hum of bees, the murmur of falling waters, and the music of the groves, seem to be the favourites of her fancy, and to haunt it wherever it is occupied, whether in a lady's chamber or a field of battle. Precision of thought, strength of diction, and boldness of metaphor, are not to be expected from a mind so constituted as hers. They would be wholly out of keeping with the delicacy which presides over the most rapturous of her visions, and imparts to them softness, purity, and grace, the true characteristics of woman, and the best instruments of her power.

The Troubadour consists of four cantos, and is framed very much like the Improvisatrice, which has already given celebrity to Miss Landon's name. Several episodes spring out of the principal story, and serve to relieve it by a variation of theme as well as of measure. It is on the whole, we think, superior to the Improvisatrice; the language partakes more of the dialect of poetry, and the animation of the tale is more equally sustained. The poem is founded on a custom said to have been once prevalent in Provence, according to which floral games were celebrated once a year, under the

superintendence of some distinguished lady of the district, and a "golden violet" was presented by her as a prize to the author of the best poem composed in the language of the country. The first canto opens with a description of a lonely castle, which is the abode of Raymond, the hero of the tale. He is the last of a proud race, that left him little save his sword, and an ardent longing after military fame. This was not the only ambition that raised him above the ordinary throng:

'But there were other dearer dreams
Than the light'ning flash of these war-gleams
That fill'd the depths of Raymond's heart;
For his was now the loveliest part
Of the young poet's life, when first,
In solitude and silence nurst,
His genius rises like a spring
Unnoticed in its wandering;
Ere winter cloud or summer ray
Have chill'd, or wasted it away,
When thoughts with their own beauty fill'd
As waters from sweet woods distill'd
Shed their own richness over all,
Breathe perfume out where'er they fall.'

Raymond does not inhabit the castle alone. His solitude is beguiled by the presence of Eva, the daughter of his brother, whose loveliness and mysterious origin, though confessedly borrowed from the *Bride of Lammermuir*, are described in a manner perfectly in unison with the legendary wonders of Provence. Amiral, her father, was formerly lord of the castle. One day outstripping his companions in the chase, he followed the stag into a green-wood recess, where the animal lay down at the feet of its mistress. She implored the hunter to spare her favourite; her beauty pleaded not in vain. Captivated by her appearance he revisited the spot; they met again and were wedded. She gave birth to Eva and disappeared; no one knew whither she went. It was said that Amiral had been deceived, and that she was not of this world. Amiral placed his child under his brother's care, and went to the Moorish wars, in which, it was supposed, he had perished.

'But his fair child grew like a flower
Springing in March's earlier hour,
'Mid storm and chill, yet loveliest—
Though somewhat paler than the rest.
'Perhaps it was her orphan'd state,
So young, so fair, so desolate,—
Somewhat of likeness in their fate
Made Raymond's heart for her confess
Its hidden depths of tenderness.
Neglected both; and those that pine
In love's despair and hope's decline,
Can love the most when some sweet spell
Breaks the seal on affection's well,
And bids its waters flow like light
Returning to the darken'd sight.'

This young affection was destined to be severely tried. A feudal chief threatened to attack the neighbouring castle of Clotilde,

the lady of Clarin, and every young knight in Provence was summoned to her aid :

' And rush'd the blood, and flash'd the light
To Raymond's cheek, from Raymond's eye,
When he stood forth and claim'd the fight,
And spoke of death and victory,
Those words that thrill the heart when first
Forth the young warrior's soul has burst.'—

' And Raymond felt as if a gush
Of thousand waters in one rush
Were on his heart, as if the dreams
Of what, alas ! life only seems,
Wild thoughts and noontide revelries,
Were turn'd into realities.
Impatient, restless, first his steed
Was hurried to its utmost speed :
And next his falchion's edge was tried,
Then waved the helmet's plume of pride.'

But how was this change in Raymond's fate to be borne by Eva ?

' How durst she hope, that when afar
Eva would be to memory brought.
Oh, she had yet the task to learn
How often woman's heart must turn
To feed upon its own excess
Of deep yet passionate tenderness !
How much of grief the heart must prove
That yields a sanctuary to love !'

Raymond joins the warrior-train in his court-yard at the dawn of morning, and prepares to march with them to the assistance of Clotilde. The separation from Eva, the tenderness of her feelings, her gentle form (which is so poetically compared to that of Peace) leaning over the battlement, the armoured knights below, the bustle of their departure, the winding of the army over the distant heights, the last backward glance of Raymond, the lessening sound of the horn, and then the sudden relapse of the scene into its usual tranquillity, are all pictured with a master-pencil. There are not many passages of the same length in English verse more truly beautiful than this :

' Dark was the shade of that old tower
In the grey light of morning's hour ;
And cold and pale the maiden leant
Over the heavy battlement,
And look'd upon the armed show
That hurrying throng'd the court below :
With her white robe and long bright hair,
A golden veil flung on the air,
Like Peace prepared from earth to fly,
Yet pausing, ere she wing'd on high,
In pity for the rage and crime
That forced her to some fairer clime.
When suddenly her pale cheek burn'd,
For Raymond's eye to her's was turn'd ;
But like a meteor past its flame—
She was too sad for maiden shame.

She heard the heavy drawbridge fall,
And Raymond rode the first of all;
But when he came to the green height
Which hid the castle from his sight,
With useless spur and slacken'd rein,
He was the laggard of the train.
They paused upon the steep ascent,
And spear, and shield, and breast-plate sent
A light, as if the rising day
Upon a mirror flash'd its ray.
They pass on, Eva only sees
A chance plume waving in the breeze,
And then can see no more—but borne
Upon the echo, came the horn;
At last nor sight nor sound declare
Aught of what pass'd that morning there.
Sweet sang the birds, light swept the breeze,
And play'd the sunlight o'er the trees,
And roll'd the river's depths of blue
Quiet as they were wont to do.
And Eva felt as if of all
Her heart were sole memorial.*

Such are the scenes that are peculiarly within Miss Landon's province. When she comes to the battle-field, she finds it a theme, as she would feel a lance of those days, somewhat too unwieldy for her delicate hand. She imagines, perhaps, that she lightens the burden by wreathing it with flowers. In no part of her poem is she more prodigal of ornament, or at the same time less successful in the use of it, than where she relates the conflict of the adverse squadrons. It is, however, no very material portion of her design, and she dismisses it with as much expedition as the topic would permit. Why is it that she speaks on this occasion of death as "that sleep the last and best?" Besides being almost a repetition of "that sleep the loveliest since it dreams the least," of Lord Byron, it is an adoption of the most cheerless and most debasing of the doctrines of infidelity, which we are bound to presume she did not intend.

The enemy having been defeated, and Raymond having won golden honours during the day, he and his fellow-warriors returned from battle to the castle of the Lady Clotilde. Their entrance into the court-yard, after the drawbridge was lowered, is, with peculiar felicity, likened to "the sudden rush of a summer shower." They were welcomed in the name of Clotilde by the younger and more bewitching form of her ward the Lady Adeline, she herself having vowed that night to fasting, prayer, and thanksgiving for her deliverance. Adeline presided at the festive board, Raymond occupied the place of honour: her beauty was too dazzling to be gazed upon without danger; and forgetting the lovely Eva, he surrendered his heart to the fascinations of the stranger. He had not yet the courage to give expression to his feelings.

* Enough for him the dim sweet fear,
The twilight of the heart, or ere

Awakening hope has named the name
 Of love, or blown its spark to flame.
 Restlessness, but as the winds range
 From leaf to leaf, from flower to flower;
 Changefulness, but as rainbows change,
 From colour'd sky to sunlit hour.
 Ay, well indeed may minstrel sing,—
 What have the heart and year like spring?"

The reader will not have failed to remark the beauty of the imagery embraced in "*the twilight of the heart*." We now and then meet in the Troubadour with phrases and illustrations, which are little more than the faint and unheeded recollections of treasures strictly appertaining to other bards. But this "*twilight of the heart*" seems to us original.

The next morning Adeline went out with her falcon. The description of her appearance is very richly wrought: but it is scarcely necessary to add, that the merit of it is not all Miss Landon's.

' And Adeline rode out that morn,
 With hunting train, and hawk, and horn;
 And broider'd rein, and curb of gold,
 And housings with their purple fold
 Decked the white steed o'er which she leant
 Graceful as a young cypress, bent
 By the first summer wind: she wore
 A cap the heron plume waved o'er,
 And round her wrist a golden band,
 Which held the falcon on her hand.
 The bird's full eye, so clear, so bright,
 Match'd not her own's dark flashing light.
 And Raymond, as he watch'd the dyes
 Of her cheek rich with exercise,
 Could almost deem her beauty's power
 Was now in its most potent hour;
 But when at night he saw her glance
 The gayest of the meteor dance,
 The jewels in her braided hair,
 Her neck, her arms of ivory bare,
 The silver veil, the broider'd vest,—
 Look'd she not then her loveliest?
 Ah, every change of beauty's face
 And beauty's shape has its own grace!"

When the dance was over, Raymond, at Adeline's request, took the lute, and poured forth a legend of the "fair and brave." The author acknowledges that it is a versification of an old tradition mentioned in Russell's Tour through Germany. It is very much improved in her hands. The story is of a young princess who yielded her affections to a lover of a degree inferior to her own. It was agreed that she should escape from her chamber at midnight, and repair to a neighbouring lake, where a boat would be in readiness to receive her.

' She reach'd the lake,—a blush, a smile,
 Contended on her face the while;
 And safely in a little cove,
 Shelter'd by willow trees above,

An ambuscade from all secured,
Her lover's little boat lay moor'd.—
One greeting word, with muffled oar,
And silent lip, they left that shore.

'It was most like a phantom dream
To see that boat flit o'er the stream,
So still, that but yet less and less
It grew, it had seem'd motionless.
And then the silent lake, the trees
Visible only when the breeze
Aside the shadowy branches threw,
And let one single star shine through,
While the faint glimmer scarcely gave
To view the wanderers of the wave.'

The morning reveals to her royal father the loss he has sustained: but all search is fruitless, and years pass over without any tidings of his child. The remainder of the episode is delightfully related.

'And where was Elenore? her home
Was now beneath the forest dome;—
A hundred knights had watch'd her hall,
Her guards were now the pine trees tall:
For harps waked with the minstrel tale,
Sang to her sleep the nightingale:
For silver vases, where were blent
Rich perfumes from Arabia sent,
Were odours when the wild thyme flower
Wafted its sweets on gale and shower:
For carpets of the purple loom
The violets spread their cloud of bloom,
Starr'd with primroses; and around
Boughs like green tapestry swept the ground.
—And there they dwelt apart from all
That gilds and mocks ambition's thrall;
Apart from cities, crowds, and care,
Hopes that deceive, and toils that wear;
For they had made themselves a world
Like that or ever man was hurl'd
From his sweet Eden, to begin
His bitter course of grief and sin.—
And they were happy; Eginhard
Had won the prize for which he dared
Dungeon and death; but what is there
That the young lover will not dare?
And she, though nurtured as a flower,
The favourite bud of a spring bower,
Daughter of palaces, yet made
Her dwelling place in the green shade;
Happy, as she remember'd not
Her royal in her peasant lot,—
With gentle cares, and smiling eyes
As love could feel no sacrifice.
Happy her ivory brow to lave
Without a mirror but the wave,
As one whose sweetness could dispense
With all save its own excellence;—
A fair but gentle creature, meant
For heart, and hearth, and home content.
'It was at night, the chase was over,
And Elenore sat by her lover,—
Her lover still, though years had fled
Since their first word of love was said,—

When one sought, at that darksome hour,
 The refuge of their lonely bower,
 A hunter, who, amid the shade,
 Had from his own companions stray'd,
 And Elenore gazed on his face,
 And knew her father! In the chase
 Often the royal mourner sought
 A refuge from his one sad thought.
 He knew her not,—the lowly mien,
 The simple garb of forest green,
 The darken'd brow, which told the spoil
 The sun stole from her daily toil,
 The cheek where woodland health had shed
 The freshness of its morning red,—
 All was so changed. She spread the board,
 Her hand the sparkling wine cup pour'd;
 And then around the hearth they drew,
 And cheerfully the wood-fire threw
 Its light around.—Bent o'er her wheel
 Scarcely dared Elenore to steal
 A look, half tenderness, half fear,
 Yet seem'd he as he loved to hear
 Her voice, as if it had a tone
 Breathing of days and feelings gone.
 "Ah! surely," thought she, "Heaven has sent
 My father here, as that it meant
 Our years of absence ended now!"
 She gazed upon his soften'd brow;
 And the next moment, all revealing,
 Elenore at his feet is kneeling!—
 Need I relate that, reconcil'd,
 The father bless'd his truant child.'

Adeline, notwithstanding his powers of song, repays all Raymond's tenderness with disdain. He flies from her presence, stung with shame and despair. In the midst of his despondency he is invited to join in the war of the Spaniards against the Moors: but before he sets out on that expedition he revisits his native home, where he finds the gentle Eva no longer a child, but rising into maiden grace, and still faithful to her earliest affection. The meeting between Raymond and this sweet being is told in melting language. He confesses to her all the agonies of his heart, and Eva, instead of reproaching him, only endeavours to charm away his sufferings by her "tender blandishing." How admirably descriptive of the "self-devotedness," often to be found in woman, are the following animated lines!

'There is a feeling in the heart
 Of woman, which can have no part
 In man; a self-devotedness,
 As victims round their idols press,
 And asking nothing, but to show
 How far their zeal and faith can go.
 Pure as the snow the summer sun
 Never at noon hath look'd upon,—
 Deep as is the diamond wave,
 Hidden in the desert cave,—
 Changeless as the greenest leaves
 Of the wreath the cypress weaves,—

Hopeless often when most fond,
Without hope or fear beyond
Its own pale fidelity,—
And this woman's love can be!"

But they must part once more. Raymond proceeds to Spain. In his first engagement with the Moors he saves a leader of his own side, who proves to be Amirald, his long lost brother, that was supposed to have perished years before. They recognise each other, and Amirald relates the story of his misfortunes, commencing with the death of Eva's mother. This narrative displays a range of more passionate emotion, than we had been prepared to meet in Miss Landon's poetry. There is more vigour in the construction of the lines, a bolder class of imagery, and, in the delineation of the intense sufferings of the narrator, a nearer approach to tragedy, than we have seen in any of her former productions. Our deepest sympathies are awakened for the wanderer while he tells of the extraordinary impulse that led him to kindle the funeral fire for the wife of his bosom, in order to save her inanimate remains from the touch of corruption; as if he were jealous even of the power which the common destiny of nature claimed over her form. The madness which then overwhelmed him is appalling.

' Then I stood in a world alone,
From which all other life was gone,
Whence warmth, and breath, and light were fled,
A world o'er which a curse was said:
The trees stood leafless all, and bare,
The sky spread, but no sun was there:
Night came, no stars were on her way,
Morn came without a look of day,—
As night and day shared one pale shroud,
Without a colour or a cloud.
And there were rivers, but they stood
Without a murmur on the flood,
Waveless and dark, their task was o'er,—
The sea lay silent on the shore,
Without a sign upon its breast
Save of interminable rest:
And there were palaces and halls,
But silence reign'd amid their walls,
Though crowds yet fill'd them: for no sound
Rose from the thousands gather'd round.—
And all seem'd, as they look'd on me,
In wonder that I yet could be
A moving shape of warmth and breath
Alone amid a world of death.'

We must afford room for half a dozen lines more of this fine episode. They are true to the instinctive desire which a genuine poet always possesses, of imparting to the elements a sensitive existence. A hermit, who meets Amirald in the full tide of his grief, affords him hospitality, and endeavours to pour into his stricken heart the balm of consolation. But in vain were the old man's assiduities.

' There is a calm which is not peace,
Like that when ocean's tempests cease,

When worn out with the storm, the sea
 Sleeps in her dark tranquillity,
 As dreading that the lightest stir
 Would bring again the winds on her.
 I felt as if I could not brook
 A sound, a breath, a voice, a look,
 As I fear'd they would bring again
 Madness upon my heart and brain.'

Amirald at length sought relief in the field of war where Raymond found him. They were not long together. In the course of the conflict, Raymond was taken prisoner and confined in a castle of Grenada. His escape is effected in a very romantic manner, by the courage of a Christian maid, who, in token of her gratitude to Heaven for the unexpected recovery of her sister, bad, according to the custom of those times, vowed that she would redeem a Christian knight from prison. This incident introduces another episode, which is too long. Moreover, it encumbers the poem with new characters, who do little more than repeat the feelings with which the whole of the previous cantos are conversant, and then disappear. Raymond meets in his preserver, Leila, an ardent, lovely, woman. She, in obedience, as it should appear, to the capricious fate that seems to oppose the happiness of every body who acts a part in this poem, conceives a sudden and violent passion for the young knight, which brings her to a premature grave.

Raymond returns to his native land, and, on revisiting his home, he learns that Eva is gone to Thoulouse, it being her turn to preside over the floral games of the year. She and her father (who was restored to her) not having heard any thing of Raymond during his captivity, naturally concluded that he had fallen in battle. Still she preserved the virginity of her first affection. The scene of the festival is painted in sparkling colours. A page attends near Eva, bearing in a vase the prize, "a golden violet." It was already contended for by many of the minstrel band.

'At last from 'mid the crowd one came,
 Unknown himself, unknown his name,
 Both knight and bard,—the stranger wore
 The garb of a young Troubadour;
 His dark green mantle loosely flung,
 Conceal'd the form o'er which it hung;
 And his cap, with its shadowy plume,
 Hid his face by its raven gloom.'

It is hardly necessary to add, that the disguised Troubadour is Raymond, or that his song bears away the prize. The sun shines out again on the withering bloom of Eva, and her happiness meets with no further interruptions, in despite of the wayward poet. 'For what,' she asks,

—'What has minstrel left to tell,
 When love has not an obstacle?'

The poem concludes with a train of affecting recollections of a

personal nature, which refer chiefly to that period of the young author's life, when first her slender foot attempted the dangerous heights of fame. It is pleasant to see, that though she was not without her discouragements, there was one fostering hand, at least, to assist her, and, through every change, firmly to sustain her in the ascent. We trust that nothing which we have said has any tendency to check her in her career. She has still many things to correct. She is too fond of making general reflections on the passion of love. The *Improvisatrice* and the *Troubadour* are full of these common-places. She is apt to be careless in her rhymes; and she has particularly to guard against a facility of versification, which, even under a more vigilant and matured judgment than hers, is exceedingly disposed to glide into melodious nothingness. It is injurious to the vivacity of the tale, as well as to the energy of her diction, to begin her stanzas so often as she does with the conjunction "*And*." It is often not grammatical, and always a weakness. We could also point out many positive *concelli*, and *prettinesses* of expression, which, assuming the appearance of gold, are nothing but tinsel. All these, however, are the usual faults of a young poet. We have pointed out some of the beauties of the *Troubadour*, which are inspired by a force of genius of no ordinary cast, and finished with the finest taste. Miss Landon has only to proceed on the same model, to reject all inferior ornaments, and to trust more boldly to the salient vigour of her imagination, in order to become one of the brightest lights in the poetic literature of her country.

The ballad of *Adeline*, which is founded on a German tradition, is among the best of the small pieces introduced into the *Troubadour*. Some of the others are rather below the general merit of the poem. Two or three of the sketches printed at the end of the volume are gems of poesy. We allude particularly to the illustrations of Dagley's "*Cupid and Swallows flying from Winter*," and Howard's "*Fairies on the Sea Shore*." [Monthly Review.

SELECTED FOR THE MUSEUM.

The Works of Anna Lætitia Barbauld. With a Memoir by Lucy Aikin. 2 Vols. 8vo. 1l. 4s. Boards. Longman & Co. 1825.

IN our days, when right notions are prevalent, and the benefits of rational education are become, or are becoming, obvious to all,—when the mechanics have their institutions,—when it is, moreover, proposed that London shall have its university,—it is not a difficult, nor need it be an elaborate, task, to do justice to the memory of Mrs. Barbauld. Prolific as this age has been in individuals who have conferred advantage and excited admiration, we know of none who, in her line, deserves to rank higher than the

lady we have just named. Endowed with a mind masculine in its powers of application, unbounded in its grasp,—and no less fitted to be the communicant than the recipient of knowledge,—she devoted, through an unusually long life, every faculty of her soul to the noblest, the most hallowed purposes. Whether we look at her as a poetess, inculcating moral lessons in harmonious strains,—as an essayist, seldom beneath, and not unfrequently equal to our most classical writers,—as a theologian, the powerful and consistent supporter of its tolerant and reasonable side,—or as a politician denouncing despotism, and advocating a wise and philosophic freedom,—we confess we know not in which character to admire her most. Viewing her in her less public relations,—as a teacher, we see her systematic and successful,—as a wife, affectionate and faithful,—as a friend and correspondent, warm, instructive, and amusing. A pattern for her coevals, and a benefactress of the rising nation,—in her own beautiful words :

"Obscure, in sober dignity retired,
She more deserved than sought to be admired ;
The household virtues o'er her honour'd head
Their simple grace and modest lustre shed ;
Chaste her attire, her feet unused to roam,
She loved the sacred threshold of her home ;
Yet true to glory, fanned the generous flame,
Rude lovers, brothers, sons, aspire to fame ;
In the young bosom, cherished virtue's seed,
The secret spring of many a godlike deed."

Characters, vol. i. p. 50.

The memoir is written in an easy, elegant, and unassuming manner, and will add something to Miss Aikin's well-earned fame. We learn that Mrs. Barbauld was born at the village of Kibworth Harcourt, in Leicestershire, on June 20th, 1743, and it is well known was the eldest child and only daughter of Dr. Aikin. Contrary to received opinion in these matters, her infancy gave promise of genius,—her education was entirely domestic,—she was early introduced to good company,—and her mind was cultivated and her principles formed, partly by the instructions of judicious parents, and partly by the society of the celebrated Dr. Doddridge. Fearless of the prejudice which in the middle of the last century existed (and, in some measure, still exists) against imparting to females any portion of classical erudition, Miss A., with the assistance of her father, enabled herself to read the Latin authors, nor ceased from her scholastic studies till she had gained some knowledge of the Greek. The want of suitable companions in the village of Kibworth compelled her to a life of seclusion; but before this sedentary existence could have injured her spirits, her father became classical tutor in a dissenting academy at Warrington, in Lancashire. This event occurred in 1758, when Miss Aikin was in her fifteenth year; and the fifteen succeeding years passed by her at Warrington (it is supposed by her biographer) comprehended the happiest, as well as the most brilliant portion of

her existence. At Warrington Miss A. formed friendships with Drs. Priestley and Enfield, and their families,—friendships not less useful than lasting. In 1771, her brother, after several years of absence, returned to Warrington, and by his persuasion and assistance her poems were selected, revised, and arranged for publication. The work was eminently successful, and was followed, in the same year, by a small volume, entitled “Miscellaneous Pieces, in Prose, by J. and A. L. Aikin.” In May, 1774, Miss Aikin honoured with her hand the Reverend Rochemont Barbauld. Previous to their union, and while the prospects of the young couple were still full of uncertainty, a proposal was made to Miss A. to establish, under the auspices of some distinguished persons, what might almost have been called a College for young ladies. Miss A.’s remarks are too much distinguished by sterling sense and nice discrimination, to allow of our passing them without a quotation. She begins by deprecating the idea of teaching ladies in a regular and systematic manner the various branches of science, and says that such a kind of literary academy would be better calculated to form characters like the “*Precieuses*” of the “*Femmes sçavantes*” of Moliere, than good wives or agreeable companions. She then carries on the subject with the following candid and perspicuous remarks:

“Young gentlemen, who are to display their knowledge to the world, should have every motive of emulation, should be formed into regular classes, should read and dispute together, should have all the honours and, if one may so say, the pomp of learning set before them, to call up their ardour:—it is their business, and they should apply to it as such. But young ladies, who ought only to have such a general tincture of knowledge as to make them agreeable companions to a man of sense, and to enable them to find rational entertainment for a solitary hour, should gain these accomplishments in a more quiet and unobserved manner:—subject to a regulation like that of the ancient Spartans, the thefts of knowledge in our sex are only connived at while carefully concealed, and if displayed, punished with disgrace. The best way for women to acquire knowledge is from conversation with a father, a brother, or friend, in the way of family intercourse and easy conversation, and by such a course of reading as they may recommend. If you add to these an attendance upon those masters which are usually provided in schools, and perhaps such a set of lectures as Mr. Ferguson’s, which it is not uncommon for ladies to attend, I think a woman will be in a way to acquire all the learning that can be of use to those who are not to teach or engage in any learned profession. Perhaps you may think, that having myself stepped out of the bounds of female reserve in becoming an author, it is with an ill grace I offer these sentiments: but though this circumstance may destroy the grace, it does not the justice of the remark; and I am full well convinced that to have a too great fondness for books is little favourable to the happiness of a woman, especially one not in affluent circumstances. My situation has been peculiar, and would be no rule for others.”

Miss A. then contends for the necessity of languages, grammar, &c. being learnt from about nine to fourteen, and illustrates her position with some plausible reasoning:

“I should have little hopes of cultivating a love of knowledge in a young lady of fifteen, who came to me ignorant and untaught; and if she has laid a foundation, she will be able to pursue her studies without a master, or with such a one only as Rousseau gives his *Sophie*. It is too late then to *begin* to learn. The empire of the passions is coming on; a new world opens to the youthful eye; those

attachments begin to be formed which influence the happiness of future life;—the care of a mother, and that alone, can give suitable attention to this important period. At this period they have many things to learn which books and systems never taught. The grace and ease of polished society, with the established modes of behaviour to every different class of people; the detail of domestic economy, to which they must be gradually introduced; the duties, the proprieties of behaviour which they must practise in their own family, in the families where they visit, to their friends, to their acquaintance;—lastly, their behaviour to the other half of their species, with whom before they were hardly acquainted, and who then begin to court their notice; the choice of proper acquaintance of that sex, the art to converse with them with a happy mixture of easy politeness and graceful reserve, and to wear off by degrees something of the girlish bashfulness without injuring virgin delicacy. These are the accomplishments which a young woman has to learn from fourteen or fifteen till she is married, or fit to be so; and surely these are not to be learned in a school. They must be learned partly at home, and partly by visits in genteel families: they cannot be taught where a number are together; they cannot be taught without the most intimate knowledge of a young lady's temper, connexions, and views in life; nor without an authority and influence established upon all the former part of her life."

Towards the conclusion, while declining to entertain the proposal of her friends, she affords us a curious, and, evidently, an unaffected estimate of some traits in her own character:

"My next reason is, that I am not at all qualified for the task. I have seen a good deal of the manner of educating boys, and know pretty well what is expected in the care of them; but in a girls' boarding-school I should be quite a novice: I never was at one myself, have not even the advantage of younger sisters, which might have given me some notion of the management of girls; indeed, for the early part of my life I conversed little with my own sex. In the village where I was, there were none to converse with; and this, I am very sensible, has given me an awkwardness in many common things, which would make me most peculiarly unfit for the education of my own sex. But suppose I were tolerably qualified to instruct those of my own rank;—consider, that *these* must be of a class far superior to those I have lived amongst and conversed with. Young ladies of that rank ought to have their education superintended by a woman perfectly well bred, from whose manner they may catch that ease and gracefulness which can only be learned from the best company; and she should be able to direct them, and judge of their progress in every genteel accomplishment. I could not judge of their music, their dancing; and if I pretended to correct their air, they might be tempted to smile at my own; for I know myself remarkably deficient in gracefulness of person, in my air and manner, and in the easy graces of conversation. Indeed, whatever the kind partiality of my friends may think of me, there are few things I know well enough to teach them with any satisfaction, and many I never could learn myself. These deficiencies would soon be remarked when I was introduced to people of fashion; and were it possible that, notwithstanding, I should meet with encouragement, I could never prosecute with any pleasure an undertaking to which I should know myself so unequal: I am sensible the common boarding-schools are upon a very bad plan, and believe I could project a better, but I could not execute it."

Soon after this occurrence, Mr. Barbauld accepted the charge of a dissenting congregation at Palgrave, near Diss, and immediately before his marriage announced his intention of opening a boarding-school at the neighbouring village of Palgrave, in Suffolk. The literary fame of Mrs. Barbauld, and her active support of Mr. B., speedily ensured the success of this establishment; and some interesting details are given, in the Memoir, of her manner of superintending the studies of the pupils. In 1775, Mrs. Barbauld committed to the press a small volume, entitled "*Devotional Pieces, compiled from the Psalms of David, with Thoughts on the Devo-*

tional Taste, and on Sects and Establishments." The union of Mr. and Mrs. Barbauld proving unfruitful, they adopted a son out of the family of Dr. Aikin, and for this child were composed those "Early Lessons" which have justly gained for Mrs. B. the reverence and love of both parents and children. They now began to enjoy the fruits of their honourable labour; and Miss Aikin informs us that "the solicitations of parents, anxious to obtain for their sons what they considered as the best tuition,

"Now induced her to receive, as her own peculiar pupils, several little boys, to whom she condescended to teach the first rudiments of literature. Thomas Denman, Esq., now a distinguished member of the legal profession and of the House of Commons, was committed to her care before he had accomplished his fourth year. Sir William Gell, the zealous explorer of the plain of Troy, was another of her almost infant scholars; and it was the benefit of this younger class that her 'Hymns in Prose for Children' were written, in which it was her peculiar object (to use her own words in the preface) 'to impress devotional feelings as early as possible on the infant mind,'—'to impress them, by connecting religion with a variety of sensible objects, with all that he sees, all he hears, all that affects his young mind with wonder or delight; and thus, by deep, strong, and permanent associations, to lay the best foundation for practical devotion in future life.'

"None of her works is a fairer monument than this, of the elevation of her soul and the brightness of her genius. While discarding the aid of verse, she every where bursts forth into poetry;—while stooping to the comprehension of infancy, she has produced a precious manual of devotion, founded on the contemplation of nature, fitted to delight the taste and warm the piety of the most accomplished minds and finest spirits.

"Meantime Palgrave school was progressively increasing in numbers and reputation, and several sons of noble families were sent to share in its advantages; of whom may be named, the late amiable and lamented Basil Lord Daer (a favourite pupil), and three of his brothers, including the last Earl of Selkirk; two sons of Lord Templetown, Lord More, Lord Aghrim, and the Honourable Augustus Phipps: these, who were parlour-boarders, enjoyed most of the benefit of the conversation and occasional instructions of Mrs. Barbauld; and all, it is believed, quitted the school with sentiments towards her of high respect and attachment."

Mr. and Mrs. B. finding their health and spirits much impaired by the fatiguing business of tuition, determined upon quitting Palgrave, and allowing themselves an interval of complete relaxation. Pursuing this resolution, in the autumn of 1785, they embarked for Calais; and after extending their travels as far as Geneva, returned to winter in the south of France. In the spring they again bent their course northwards, and after a leisurely survey of Paris, returned to England in the month of June, 1786. Were it not for the vivid descriptions and acute observations which fill the epistolary communications of Mrs. Barbauld during this period,* we should regret that she did not present the public with the result of her travels in another and more important form.

In 1790, the rejection of a bill for the repeal of the Corporation and Test Acts called forth her address to the opposers of this measure. Miss Aikin styles this address "eloquent and indignant;" and did we know of any stronger or more expressive terms, we should not hesitate in applying them to a production at once pow-

* See the correspondence in vol. ii., and particularly the letter to Dr. Aikin, p. 28. *et seq.*

erfully argumentative and playfully satirical,—a production, the republication of which at this period—when intolerance is making desperate efforts to regain its ancient power—cannot but be serviceable to the cause which its author had ever most at heart. In 1791, she produced her “Poetical Epistle to Mr. Wilberforce,” on the rejection of the bill for abolishing the slave-trade. The following year she gratified the public with her *Remarks on Mr. Gilbert Wakefield’s “Inquiry into the Expediency and Propriety of public or social Worship;”* and her “*Sins of the Government, Sins of the Nation; or, a Discourse for the Fast,*” appeared in 1793. She also supplied some valuable contributions to Dr. Aikin’s popular book for children, “*Evenings at Home,*” the first volume of which appeared in 1792. Her next works were critical essays, the first prefixed to an ornamented edition of “*Akenside’s Pleasures of Imagination,*” the other to a similar one of the “*Odes of Collins.*” In 1804, Mrs. B. offered to the public “*A Selection from the Spectator, Tatler, Guardian, and Freeholder, with a Preliminary Essay,*” to which she gave her name. During the same year Mrs. B. undertook the task of examining and making a selection from the letters of Richardson the novelist and his correspondents. Miss Aikin here remarks,

“It must be confessed that, on the whole, these letters were less deserving of public attention than she had probably expected to find them; and very good judges have valued more than all the remaining contents of the six duodecimo volumes which they occupy, the elegant and interesting life of Richardson, and the finished review of his works prefixed by the editor.”

On the 11th of November, 1808, Mrs. Barbauld became a widow. An affecting dirge recorded her feelings on this occasion; and she also communicated to the “*Monthly Repository of Theology and General Literature,*” a memoir of Mr. Barbauld. Seeking relief from dejection in literary occupation, Mrs. B. consented to edit a collection of the British novelists, which issued from the press in 1810. An introductory essay and biographical and critical notices increased the value and attraction of this work. In the following year appeared her agreeable compilation called “*The Female Speaker.*”

“Having thus,” says Miss Aikin, “braced her mind, as it were, to the tone of original composition, she produced that beautiful offspring of her genius, ‘*Eighteen Hundred and Eleven,*’—the longest, and perhaps the most highly finished, of all her poems. The crisis at which this piece was produced, and concerning which it treats, was confessedly one of the most distressful within the memory of the present generation, and the author’s own state of spirits deepened the gloom. She, like Cassandra, was the prophetess of woe; at the time, she was heard perhaps with less incredulity, but the event has happily discredited her vaticination in every point. That the solemn warning which she here attempted to hold forth to national pride and confidence, should cause her lines to be received by the public with less applause than their intrinsic merit might well have claimed, was perhaps in some degree to be expected; that it would expose its author—its venerable and female author—to contumely and insult, could only have been anticipated by those thoroughly acquainted with the instincts of the hired assassin of reputation shooting from his coward ambush. Can any one read the touching apostrophe,—

“Yet O my country, name beloved, revered!”—

the proud and affectionate enumeration of the names which encircle the brow of Britain with the halo of immortal glory; of the spots consecrated by the footsteps of genius and virtue, where the future pilgrim from the west would kneel with beating heart; the splendid description of London with all its 'pomp and circumstance' of greatness,—the complacent allusion to 'angel charities,' and 'the book of life' held out 'to distant lands,'—and doubt for a moment that this strain was dictated by the heart of a true patriot, a heart which feared because it fondly loved?

"This was the last of Mrs. Barbauld's separate publications. Who, indeed, that knew and loved her, could have wished her to expose again that honoured head to the scorn of the unmanly, the malignant, and the base? Her fancy was still in all its brightness; her spirits might have been cheered and her energy revived, by the cordial and respectful greetings, the thanks and plaudits, with which it was once the generous and graceful practice of contemporary criticism to welcome the reappearance of a well-deserving veteran in the field of letters. As it was, though still visited by

—'the thoughts that voluntary move
Harmonious numbers,'

she for the most part confined to a few friends all participation in the strains which they inspired. She even laid aside the intention which she had entertained of preparing a new edition of her poems, long out of print, and often inquired for in vain;—well knowing that a day must come when the sting of Envy would be blunted, and her *memory* would have its fame."

We now approach the concluding scene of this estimable woman's life:—

"A gentle and scarcely perceptible decline was now sloping for herself the passage to the tomb: she felt and hailed its progress as a release from languor and infirmity,—a passport to another and a higher state of being. Her friends, however, flattered themselves that they might continue to enjoy her yet a little longer; and she had consented to remove under the roof of her adopted son, that his affectionate attentions and those of his family might be the solace of every remaining hour. But Providence had ordained it otherwise:—she quitted, indeed, her own house, but whilst on a visit to the neighbouring one of her sister-in-law, Mrs. Aikin, the constant and beloved friend of nearly her whole life, her bodily powers gave way almost suddenly; and after lingering a few days, on the morning of March the 9th, 1825, she expired without a struggle, in the eighty-second year of her age.

"To claim for this distinguished woman the praise of purity and elevation of mind may well appear superfluous. Her education and connexions, the course of her life, the whole tenor of her writings, bear abundant testimony to this part of her character. It is a higher, or at least a rarer, commendation to add, that no one ever better loved 'a sister's praise,' even that of such sisters as might have been peculiarly regarded in the light of rivals. She was acquainted with almost all the principal female writers of her time; and there was not one of the number whom she failed frequently to mention in terms of admiration, esteem, or affection, whether in conversation, in letters to her friends, or in print. To humbler aspirants in the career of letters, who often applied to her for advice or assistance, she was invariably courteous, and, in many instances, essentially serviceable. The sight of youth and beauty was peculiarly gratifying to her fancy and her feelings; and children and young persons, especially females, were accordingly large sharers in her benevolence: she loved their society, and would often invite them to pass weeks or months in her house, when she spared no pains to amuse and instruct them; and she seldom failed, after they had quitted her, to recall herself from time to time to their recollection, by affectionate and playful letters, or welcome presents.

"In the conjugal relation, her conduct was guided by the highest principles of love and duty. As a sister, the uninterrupted flow of her affection, manifested by numberless tokens of love,—not alone to her brother, but to every member of his family,—will ever be recalled by them with emotions of tenderness, respect, and gratitude. She passed through a long life without having dropped, it is believed,

a single friendship, and without having drawn upon herself a single enmity which could properly be called personal."

Almost all the poems which follow this memoir, we may presume, are old acquaintance, and, we trust, favourites of our readers. Miss Aikin does not specify which, or how many, of these effusions are to be considered as printed for the first time. We suspect their number to be small, but shall quote two pieces which are entirely new to us.

"An Inventory of the Furniture in Dr. Priestley's Study."

"A map of every country known,
With not a foot of land his own.
A list of folks that kicked a dust
On this poor globe, from Ptol. the First;
He hopes,—indeed it is but fair,—
Some day to get a corner there.
A group of all the British kings,
Fair emblem! on a packthread swings.
The Fathers, ranged in goodly row,
A decent, venerable show,
Writ a great while ago, they tell us,
And many an inch o'er top their fellows.
A Juvenal to hunt for mottos;
And Ovid's tales of nymphs and grottos.
The meek-robbed lawyers, all in white;
Pure as the lamb,—at least, to sight.
A shelf of bottles, jar and phial,
By which the rogues he can defy all,—
All filled with lightning keen and genuine,
And many a little imp he'll pen you in;
Which, like Le Sage's sprite, let out,
Among the neighbours makes a rout;
Brings down the lightning on their houses,
And kills their geese; and frights their spouses.
A rare thermometer, by which
He settles, to the nicest pitch,
The just degrees of heat, to raise
Sermons, or politics, or plays.
Papers and books, a strange mixed olio,
From shilling touch to pompous folio;
Answer, remark, reply, rejoinder,
Fresh from the mint, all stamped and coined here;
Like new-made glass, set by to cool,
Before it bears the workman's tool.
A blotted proof-sheet, wet from Bowling,
—'How can a man his anger hold in?'—
Forgotten rhymes, and college-themes,
Worm-eaten plans, and embryo schemes;—
A mass of heterogeneous matter,
A chaos dark, nor land nor water;—
New books, like new-born infants, stand,
Waiting the printer's clothing hand;—
Others, a motley ragged brood,
Their limbs unfashioned all, and rude,
Like Cadmus' half-formed men appear,
One rears a helm, one lifts a spear,
And feet were lopped and fingers torn
Before their fellow-limbs were born;
A leg began to kick and sprawl
Before the head was seen at all,

Which quiet as a mushroom lay
Till crumbling hillocks gave it way ;
And all, like controversial writing,
Were born with teeth, and sprung up fighting,
'But what is this,' I hear you cry,
'Which saucily provokes my eye ?'
A thing unknown, without a name,
Born of the air and doomed to flame."—

"On the Deserted Village."

"In vain fair Auburn weeps her desert plains,
She moves our envy who so well complains ;
In vain has proud oppression laid her low,
So sweet a garland on her faded brow.
Now, Auburn, now absolve impartial fate,
Which, if it made thee wretched, makes thee great :—
So, unobserved, some humble plant may bloom,
Till crushed it fills the air with sweet perfume ;
So, had thy swains in ease and plenty slept,
Thy poet had not sung, nor Britain wept.
Nor let Britannia mourn her drooping bay,
Unhonoured genius, and her swift decay ;
O patron of the poor ! it cannot be,
While one—one poet yet remains like thee !
Nor can the Muse desert our favoured isle,
Till thou desert the Muse and scorn her smile."

Miss Aikin informs us, in her memoir, "that Goldsmith, whose envy is well known, bore involuntary testimony to the merit of these lines, by exhibiting no sentiment but mortification on hearing them read with applause in a London circle."

In the second volume of this work we find a selection from the private correspondence of Mrs. Barbauld. Before quoting such passages as seem of superior interest, we shall extract from the memoir Miss Aikin's explanatory remarks respecting this department of her labours.

"It only remains to speak of her familiar letters. These were certainly never intended by herself to meet the public eye. She kept no copies of them; and it is solely by the indulgence of her correspondents or their representatives,—an indulgence for which she here desires to offer her grateful acknowledgments,—that the editor has been enabled to give them to the world. She flatters herself that their publication will not be considered as a trespass either against the living or the dead: some of them, particularly a considerable proportion of those addressed to Dr. Aikin, seemed to claim insertion as biographical records; and those written during her residence in France, in the years 1785 and 1786, appeared no less curious and valuable at the present day for the matter they contain, than entertaining and agreeable from the vivacity with which they are written. But it was impossible not to be influenced also by the desire of thus communicating to those admirers of Mrs. Barbauld's genius who did not enjoy the advantage of her personal acquaintance, a just idea of the pointed and elegant remark, the sportive and lambent wit, the affectionate spirit of sympathy, and the courteous expression of esteem and benevolence, which united to form at once the graces of her epistolary style, and the inexpressible charm of her conversation."

As these letters will not allow of regular analysis, we shall quote under their distinguishing heads those remarks which are most characteristic of the turn of the writer's genius.

Feminine affections:

"Women are naturally inclined not only to love, but to all the soft and gentle affections; all the tender attentions and kind sympathies of nature. When, therefore, one of our sex shows any particular complacency towards one of yours, it may be resolved into friendship; into a temper naturally caressing, and those endearing intercourses of life which to a woman are become habitual. But when man, haughty, independent man, becomes sensible to all the delicacies of sentiment, and softens his voice and address to the tone of *les manières douces*, it is much to be suspected a stronger power than friendship has worked the change. You are hardly social creatures till your minds are humanized and subdued by that passion which alone can tame you to 'all the soft civilities of life.' Your heart requires a stronger fire to melt it than ours does: the chaste and gentle rays of friendship, like star-beams, may play upon it without effect;—it will only yield to gross material fire. There is a pretty flight for you! In short, women I think may be led on by sentiment to passion; but men must be subdued by passion before they can taste sentiment."

Poetical description:

"I have seen some rich descriptions of West Indian flowers and plants,—just, I dare say, but unplesing merely because their names were uncouth, and forms not known generally enough to be put into verse. It is not, I own, much to the credit of poets,—but it is true,—that we do not seem disposed to take their word for any thing, and never willingly receive information from them."

"Percy," and "The School for Scandal:"

"Miss More is, I assure you, now very much the ton, and, moreover, has got six or seven hundred pounds by her play: I wish I could produce one every two winters; we would not keep school. I cannot say, however, that I cried altogether so much at Percy as I laughed at The School for Scandal, which is one of the wittiest plays I remember to have seen; and I am sorry to add, one of the most immoral and licentious;—in principle I mean, for in language it is very decent."

Dating from London, Jan. 2, 1784, Mrs. B. says on the subject of balloons, which, by-the-bye, were not then such hackneyed affairs as their incessant exhibition has now rendered them:

"Well, my dear brother, here we are in this busy town, nothing in which (the sight of friends excepted) has given us so much pleasure as the balloon which is now exhibiting in the Pantheon. It is sixteen feet one way, and seventeen another; and when full (which it is not at present) will carry eighty-six pounds. When set loose from the weight which keeps it to the ground, it mounts to the top of that magnificent dome with such an easy motion as put me in mind of Milton's line, 'Rose like an exhalation.' We hope to see it rise in the open air before we leave town."

In the same letter it is stated, that "the enthusiasm for Mrs. Siddons seems something abated this winter. As the last season was spent in unbounded admiration, this, I suppose, will be employed in canvassing her faults, and the third settle her in a proper degree of reputation." Dramatic patrons are confessedly the most capricious of mortals, and it is not to be supposed that even Mrs. Siddons should escape unaffected by their proverbial waywardness.

Automatons:

"There is a curious automaton which plays at chess. His countenance, they say, is very grave and full of thought, and you can hardly help imagining he meditates upon every move. He is wound up, however, at every two or three moves. The same man has made another figure, which speaks; but as his native

tongue is French, he stays at home at present to learn English. The voice is like that of a young child."

In a letter from Paris, dated June 7, 1786, Mrs. B. exclaims, "By the way, I have found out the reason why the French have so little poetry: it is because every body makes verses." We fancy that a similar propensity to versifying nearer home has not tended to the encouragement of the *genuine* spirit of poetry. Mrs. B. gets very playfully warm upon the subject of Dr. Fordyce's insinuation against woman's faith in friendship:

"It is not true, what Dr. Fordyce insinuates, that women's friendships are not sincere; I am sure it is not: I remember when I read it I had a good mind to have burnt the book for that unkind passage. I hope the Doctor will give us our revenge, as he has begun his sermons to young men: they were advertised in the papers,—was it not a piece of parade unbecoming a preacher? It would be difficult to determine whether the age is growing better or worse; for I think our plays are growing like sermons, and our sermons like plays."

Mrs. Barbauld was herself *one* proof, (and we fancy that there are few of our readers who could not adduce many others,) that female friendship (in the best sense of the word) *is* to be found, and *may* be depended upon. In a letter to Miss E. Belsham, p. 61, we meet with a pretty little allegory:

"We are preparing to celebrate the birthday of—a prince, shall I say? why not? a king if you please, since he has more power than any monarch in the universe, and we all expect blessings from him of more value than the Indies: perhaps, indeed, we may expect too much from him, for it is natural to hope for every thing under the auspices of a new king; and however we may have been disappointed by his predecessors, we fondly flatter ourselves that the young sovereign will crown all our hopes, and put us in possession of all our wishes. Blessings, invaluable ones, he certainly has in his disposal; but if we have wasted the bounties of his predecessors, would it not become us to mingle a tear to their memories with the joy which his accession inspires? May the present reign, however, be happy to you and me, and all of us, long I dare not add, except in good actions, because, young as the prince is, it is no presumption to say that his days are numbered; the astronomers have already cast his nativity, nor is it in the power of all the sons of Adam to prolong beyond the appointed term, though but for an hour, the life of—the New Year."

Joanna Baillie and her tragedy of De Montfort:

"I have received, however, great pleasure lately from the representation of *De Montfort*, a tragedy which you probably read a year and a half ago, in a volume entitled 'A Series of Plays on the Passions.' I admired it then, but little dreamed I was indebted for my entertainment to a young lady of Hampstead whom I visited, and who came to Mr. Barbauld's meeting all the while with as innocent a face as if she had never written a line. The play is admirably acted by Mrs. Siddons and Kemble, and is finely written, with great purity of sentiment, beauty of diction, strength and originality of character; but it is open to criticism,—I cannot believe such a hatred natural. The affection between the brother and sister is most beautifully touched, and, as far as I know, quite new. The play is somewhat too good for our present taste."

The Pedigree and Adventures of Leisure:

"She was born somewhere amongst the Chaldean shepherds, where she became a favourite of Urania; and having been instructed in her sublime philosophy, taught men to observe the course of the stars, and to mark the slow revolution of seasons. The next we hear of her is in the rural mountains and valleys of Arcadia. In this delightful abode her charms made a conquest of the god Pan, who would

often sit whole days by her side, tuning his pipe of unequal reeds. By him she had two beautiful children, Love and Poetry, the darlings of the shepherds, who received them in their arms, and brought them up amidst the murmur of bees, the falls of water, the lowing of cattle, and the various rural and peaceful sounds with which that region abounded. When the Romans spread the din of arms over the globe, Leisure was frightened from her soft retreats, and from the cold Seythian to the tawny Numidian could scarcely find a corner of the world to shelter her head in. When the fierce Goth and Vandal approached, matters were still worse, and Leisure took refuge in a convent on the winding banks of the Seine, where she employed herself in making anagrams and cutting paper. Her retirement, however, did not pass without censure, for it is said she had an intrigue with the superior of the convent, and that the offspring of this amour was a daughter named Ennui.

"Mademoiselle Ennui was wafted over to England in a north-east wind, and settled herself with some of the best families in the kingdom. Indeed the mother seldom makes any long residence in a place without being intruded on by the daughter, who steals in and seats herself silently by her side."

Drs. Price and Priestley, and Mirabeau :

"I last Sunday attended with melancholy satisfaction the funeral sermon of good Dr. Price, preached by Dr. Priestley, who, as he told us, had been thirty years his acquaintance, and twenty years his intimate friend. He well delineated the character he so well knew. I had just been reading an *éloge* of Mirabeau, and I could not help in my own mind comparing both the men and the tribute paid to their memories. The one died when a reputation raised suddenly, by extraordinary emergencies, was at its height, and very possibly might have ebbed again had he lived longer: the other enjoyed an esteem, the fruit of a course of labours uniformly directed through a long life to the advancement of knowledge and virtue, a reputation slowly raised, without and independent of popular talents. The panegyrist of the one was obliged to sink his private life, and to cover with the splendid mantle of public merit the crimes and failings of the man:—the private character of the other was able to bear the severest scrutiny; neither slander, nor envy, nor party-prejudice, ever pretended to find a spot in it. The one was followed even by those who did not trust him: the other was confided in and trusted even by those who reprobated his principles. In pronouncing the *éloge* on Mirabeau, the author scarcely dares to insinuate a vague and uncertain hope that his spirit may hover somewhere in the void space of immensity, be rejoined to the first principles of nature; and attempts to soothe his shade with a cold and barren immortality in the remembrance of posterity. Dr. Priestley parts with his intimate friend with all the cheerfulness which an assured hope of meeting him soon again could give, and at once dries the tear he excites."

Scotland :

"I have been much pleased with Scotland. I do not know whether you ever extended your tour so far: if you have not seen it, let me beg that you will; for I do not think that in any equal part of England so many interesting objects are to be met with as occur in what is called the little tour; from Edinburgh to Stirling, Perth and Blair, along the pleasant windings of the Forth and Tay; then by the lakes, ending with Loch Lomond, the last and greatest, and so to Glasgow; then to the Falls of the Clyde, and back by Dumfries; which last, however, we did not do; for we returned to Edinburgh. Scotland is a country strongly marked with character. Its rocks, its woods, its waters, its castles, its towns, are all picturesque, generally grand. Some of the views are wild and savage, but none of them insipid, if you except the bleak, flat, extended moor. The entrance into the Highlands by Dunkeld is striking; it is a kind of gate. I thought it would be a good place for hanging up an inscription similar to that of Dante, '*Per me si va—*'"

Mrs. Montague and her Letters :

"Day after day passes, and I do not know what I do with my time; my mind has no energy, nor power of application. I can tell you, however, what I have done with some hours of it, which have been agreeably employed in reading Mrs. Montague's Letters. I think her nephew has made a very agreeable present to

the public; and I was greatly edified to see them printed in modest octavo, with Mrs. Montague's sweet face (for it is a very pretty face) at the head. They certainly show a very extraordinary mind, full of wit, and also of deep thought and sound judgment. She seems to have liked not a little to divert herself with the odd and the ludicrous, and shows herself in the earlier letters passionately fond of balls and races and London company; this was natural enough at eighteen. Perhaps you may not so easily pardon her for having early settled her mind, as she evidently had, not to marry except for an establishment. This seems to show a want of some of those fine feelings that one expects in youth: but when it is considered that she was the daughter of a country gentleman with a large family, and no fortune to expect, and her connexions all in high life, one is disposed to pardon her, especially as I dare say she would never have married a fool or a profligate. I heard her say,—what I suppose very few can say,—that she never was in love in her life. Many of the letters are in fact essays; and I think had she turned her thoughts to write in that way, she would have excelled Johnson."

Further on, in a letter to Mrs. Fletcher, dated Sept. 1813, this subject is again alluded to:

"I am now reading the third and fourth volumes of Mrs. Montague's Letters. To me, who have lived through all the time she writes of, they are interesting,—independent of the wit and talent,—as recalling a number of persons and events once present to my mind: they are also, I think, very entertaining, though, as letters, somewhat studied. With all her advantages she seems not to have been happy. She married not Mr. Montague from affection. It is evident she looked upon him as a wise and kind friend, but nothing more;—a little too wise sometimes, when he kept her in the country longer than she liked. To a person so married, nothing will fill the mind and give a permanent interest to life, but children. She lost her child; and notwithstanding all that nature and all that fortune had given, and high cultivation, and chosen society, and public esteem, she speaks of life as a thing to be got through, rather than to be enjoyed."

Want of space compels us to pass over many interesting notices of *then* important events, chiefly of a literary nature. Her opinion of Charles Lamb's specimens of old plays is expressed in brief but favourable terms. A caution to Mrs. Taylor, against allowing *mind* to wear out *body*, or, as Leigh Hunt phrases it, not "seeing fair play between them," is so lively, and, at the same time, so just, that we must give it for the benefit of any sedentary liver who may happen to open our Review:

"Mind is often very hard upon his humble yoke-fellow, sometimes speaking contemptuously of her, as being of a low, mean family, in comparison with himself; often abridging her food or natural rest for his whims. Many a head-ache has he given her when, but for him, she would be quietly resting in her bed. Sometimes he fancies that she hangs as a dead weight upon him, and impedes all his motions; yet it is well known, that though he gives himself such airs of superiority, he can in fact do nothing without her; and since, however they came together, they are united for better for worse, it is for his interest as well as hers, that she should be nursed and cherished, and taken care of."

As a more continuous specimen of Mrs. B.'s epistolary style than any we have yet selected, we quote the following, dated Stoke Newington, Dec. 1813:

"—If you ask what *I* am doing—nothing. Pope, I think, somewhere says, 'The last years of life, like tickets left in the wheel, rise in value.' The thought is beautiful, but false; they are of very little value,—they are generally past either in struggling with pains and infirmities, or in a dreamy kind of existence: no new veins of thought are opened; no young affections springing up; the ship has taken in its lading, whatever it may be, whether precious stones or lumber, and lies idly flapping its sails and waiting for the wind that must drive it upon the wide ocean.

"Have you seen Lord Byron's new poem, *The Bride of Abydos*? and have you read Madame de Staël's *Germany*? You will find in the latter many fine ideas, beautiful sentiments, and entertaining remarks on manners and countries: but in her account of Kant and the other German philosophers, she has got, I fancy, a little out of her depth. She herself is, or affects to be, very devotional; but her religion seems to be almost wholly a matter of imagination,—the *beau idéal* impressed upon us at our birth, along with a taste for beauty, for music, &c. As far as I understand her account of the German school, there seems to be in many of them a design to reinstate the doctrine of innate ideas, which the cold philosophy, as they would call it, of Locke discarded. They would like Beattie and Hutcheson better than Paley or Priestley. I do not like Lord Byron's poem quite so well as his last; and I cannot see any advantage in calling a nightingale *bulbul*, or a rose *gul*, except to disconcert plain English readers."

We should be happy to enrich our excerpts from these interesting volumes, with Mrs. B.'s remarks on Goldoni's plays, p. 153, and on Ramsay's *History of the American Revolution*, p. 157, but that we feel the necessity of omitting these in order to make room for *her* testimony on a much disputed, and not unimportant, matter,—the character of Dr. Johnson.

"We are reading in idle moments, or rather dipping into, a very different work, Boswell's long expected *Life of Johnson*. It is like going to Ranelagh; you meet all your acquaintance: but it is a base and a mean thing to bring thus every idle word into judgment—the judgment of the public. Johnson, I think, was far from a great character: he was continually sinning against his conscience, and then afraid of going to hell for it. A Christian and a man of the town, a philosopher and a bigot, acknowledging life to be miserable, and making it more miserable through fear of death; professing great distaste to the country, and neglecting the urbanity of towns; a Jacobite, and pensioned; acknowledged to be a giant in literature, and yet we do not trace him, as we do Locke, or Rousseau, or Voltaire, in his influence on the opinions of the times. We cannot say Johnson first opened this vein of thought, led the way to this discovery or this turn of thinking. In his style he is original, and there we can track his imitators. In short, he seems to me to be one of those who have shone in the *belles lettres*, rather than, what he is held out by many to be, an original and deep genius in investigation."

We gather from the above what Mrs. Barbauld must have thought of Capt. Medwin's *Conversations of Byron*; and in a letter to Mrs. Estlin, from Stoke-Newington, dated Nov. 23, 1824, we have her opinion of the noble bard himself: after mentioning some little Greek boys, who, she says, are protected by Mr. Bowring, she asks, "By the way, are you not sorry Lord Byron is dead, just when he was going to be a hero? *He has filled a leaf in the book of fame, but it is a very blotted leaf.*"

In some of her latter epistles, Mrs. Barbauld speaks with much unaffected pathos of her own perception of the failing state of her bodily and mental powers. To *us* she appears to have been *intellectually* young and healthy to the last. "Age could not wither, nor custom stale her infinite variety." She lived on, making glorious but bloodless conquests, and, much as she had written, she had the proud and repaying consciousness, that there was not

"One line which, dying, she could wish to blot."

To be the affectionate, faithful, and impartial biographer of *such* a being was a task reserved for the kindred spirit of Lucy Aikin, and she has performed it as only herself could have done, and as even Mrs. Barbauld might have wished. [Monthly Review.

SELECTED FOR THE MUSEUM.

CRITICISM ON FEMALE BEAUTY.

EYES.—The finest eyes are those that unite sense and sweetness. They should be able to say much, and all charmingly. The look of sense is proportioned to the depth from which the thought seems to issue; the look of sweetness to an habitual readiness of sympathy, an unaffected willingness to please and be pleased. We need not be jealous of

Eyes affectionate and glad,
That seem to love whate'er they look upon.

They have always a good stock in reserve for their favourites; especially if like those mentioned by the poet, they are conversant with books and nature. Voluptuaries know not what they talk about, when they profess not to care for sense in a woman. Pandantry is one thing: sense, taste, and apprehensiveness are another. Give me an eye that draws equally from head above and heart beneath; that is equally full of ideas and feelings, of intuition and sensation. If either must predominate, let it be the heart. Mere beauty is nothing at any time but a doll, and should be packed up and sent to Brobdignag. The colour of the eye is a very secondary matter. Black eyes are thought the brightest, blue the most feminine, grey the keenest. It depends entirely on the spirit within. I have seen all these colours change character; though I must own, that when a blue eye looks ungentle, it seems more out of character than the extremest diversity expressed by others. The ancients appear to have associated the idea of gladness with blue eyes; which is the colour given to his heroine's by the author just alluded to. Anacreon attributes a blue or a grey eye to his mistress, it is difficult to say which: but he adds, that it is tempered with the moist delicacy of the eye of Venus. The other look was Minerva's, and required softening. It is not easy to distinguish the shades of the various colours anciently given to eyes; the blues and greys, sky-blues, sea-blues, sea-greys, and even *cat-greys*.* But it is clear that the expression is every thing. The poet demanded this or that colour, according as he thought it favourable to the expression of acuteness, majesty, tenderness, or a mixture of all. Black eyes were most lauded; doubtless because in a southern country the greatest number of beloved eyes must be of that colour. But on the same account of the predominance of black, the abstract taste was in favour of lighter eyes and fair complexions. Hair being of a great variety of tint, the poet had great license in wishing or feigning on that point. Many a head of hair was ex-

* *Cæcio veniam obvisus leoni.* Catullus.—See *glaucus*, *cræuleus*, &c. and their Greek correspondents. *Χαίματος*, glad-looking, is also rendered in the Latin, blue-eyed: and yet it is often translated by *ravus*, a word which at one time is made to signify blue, and at another something approximating to hazel. *Cæsius*, in like manner, appears to signify both grey and blue, and a tinge of green.

alted into gold, that gave slight colour for the pretension; nor is it to be doubted, that auburn, and red, and yellow, and sand-coloured, and brown with the least surface of gold, all took the same illustrious epithet on occasion. With regard to eyes, the ancients insisted much on one point, which gave rise to many happy expressions. This was a certain mixture of pungency with the look of sweetness. Sometimes they call it severity, sometimes sternness, and even acridity, and terror. The usual word was *Gorgon-looking*. Something of a frown was implied, mixed with a radiant earnestness. This was commonly spoken of men's eyes. Anacreon, giving directions for the portrait of a youth, says

Dark and *gorgon* be his eye,
Tempered with hilarity.*

A taste of it, however, was sometimes desired in the eyes of the ladies. Theagenes, in Heliodorus's *Ethiopics*, describing his mistress Chariclea, tells us, that even when a child, something great, and with a divinity in it, shone out of her eyes; and encountered his, as he examined them, with a mixture of the *gorgon* and the alluring.† Perhaps the best word in general for translating *gorgon* would be *fervent*; something earnest, fiery, and pressing onward. Anacreon, with his usual exquisite taste, allays the fierceness of the term with the word *kekerasmenon*, tempered. The nice point is, to see that the terror itself be not terrible, but only a poignancy brought in to assist the sweetness. It is the salt in the tart; the subtle sting of the essence. It is to the eye intellectual, what the apple of the eye is to the eye itself,—the dark part of it, the core, the innermost look; the concentration and burning-glass of the rays of love. I think, however, that Anacreon did better than Heliodorus, when he avoided attributing this look to his mistress, and confined it to the other sex. He tells us, that she had a look of Minerva as well as Venus; but it is Minerva without the *gorgon*. There is sense and apprehensiveness; but nothing to alarm. No drawback upon beauty ought to be more guarded against, than a character of violence about the eyes. I have seen it become very touching, when the violence had been conquered by suffering and reflection, and a generous turn of mind; nor perhaps does a richer soil for the production of all good things take place any where than over these spent volcanoes. But the experiment is dangerous, and the event rare.

Large eyes were admired in Greece, where they still prevail. They are the finest of all, when they have the internal look; which is not common. The stag or antelope eye of the orientals is beautiful and lamping, but is accused of looking skittish and indifferent. "The epithet of stag-eyed," says Lady Wortley Montague, speaking of a Turkish love-song, "pleases me extremely; and I think it

* "Μέλαν ὄμμα γόργος ἔστω,
Κεκερασμένοι γάλην."

† *Ethiop. Lib. 11. apud. Junium.*

a very lively image of the fire and indifference in his mistress's eyes." We lose in depth of expression, when we go to inferior animals for comparisons with human beauty. Homer calls Juno ox-eyed; and the epithet suits well with the eyes of that goddess, because she may be supposed, with all her beauty, to want a certain humanity. Her large eye looks at you with a royal indifference. Shakspeare has kissed them, and made them human. Speaking of violets, he describes them as being

"Sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes."

This is shutting up their pride, and subjecting them to the lips of love. Large eyes may become more touching under this circumstance than any others; because of the field they give for the veins to wander in, and the trembling amplitude of the ball beneath. Little eyes must be good tempered, or they are ruined. They have no other resource. But this will beautify them enough. They are made for laughing, and should do their duty. In Charles the Second's time, it was the fashion to have sleepy, half-shut eyes, sly and meretricious. They took an expression, beautiful and warrantable on occasion, and made a common place of it, and a vice. So little do "men of pleasure" understand the business from which they take their title. A good warm-hearted poet shall shed more light upon real voluptuousness and beauty, in one verse from his pen, than a thousand rakes shall arrive at, swimming in claret, and bound on as many voyages of discovery.

In attending to the hair and eyes, I have forgotten the eyebrows, and the shape of the head. They shall be dispatched before we come to the lips; as the table is cleared before the dessert. This is an irreverent simile, nor do I like it; though the pleasure even of eating and drinking, to those who enjoy it with temperance, may be traced beyond the palate. The utmost refinements on that point are, I allow, wide of the mark on this. The idea of beauty, however, is lawfully associated with that of cherries and peaches; as Eve set forth the dessert in Paradise.

EBROWS.—Eyebrows used to obtain more applause than they do. Shakspeare seems to jest upon this eminence, when he speaks of a lover

"Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow."

Marot mentions a poem on an eyebrow, which was the talk of the court of Francis the First.* The taste of the Greeks on this point was remarkable. They admired eyebrows that almost met. It depends upon the character of the rest of the face. Meeting eyebrows may give a sense and animation to looks that might otherwise be over-feminine. They have certainly not a foolish look. Anacreon's mistress has them:

* In one of his Epistles, beginning
"Nobles esprits de France poetiques."

"Taking care her eyebrows be
Not apart, nor mingled neither,
But as hers are, stol'n together.
Met by stealth, yet leaving too
O'er the eyes their darkest hue."

In the Idyl of Theocritus before mentioned, one of the speakers values himself upon the effect his beauty has had on a girl with joined eyebrows.

"Passing a bower last evening with my cows,
A girl look'd out,—a girl with meeting brows.
'Beautiful! beautiful!' cried she. I heard,
But went on, looking down, and gave her not a word."*

This taste in female beauty appears to have been confined to the ancients. Boccaccio, in his *Ameto*, the precursor of the *Decameron*, where he gives several pictures of beautiful women, speaks more than once of disjoined eyebrows.† Chaucer, in the *Court of Love*, is equally express in favour of "a due distaunce." An arched eyebrow was always in request; but I think it is doubtful whether we are to understand that the eyebrows were always desired to form separate arches, or to give an arched character to the brow considered in unison. In either case the curve should be very delicate. A strait eyebrow is better than a very arching one, which has a look of wonder and silliness. To have it immediately over the eye, is preferable, for the same reason, to its being too high and lifted. The Greeks liked eyes leaning upwards towards each other; which indeed is a rare beauty, and the reverse of the animal character. If the brows over these took a similar direction, they would form an arch together. Perhaps a sort of double curve was required, the particular one over the eye, and the general one in the look altogether.‡ But these are unnecessary refinements. Where great difference of taste is allowed, the point in question can be of little consequence. I cannot think, however, with Aristotle, that fair locks with black eyebrows are desirable. I see, by an article in an Italian catalogue, that the taste provoked a dissertation.§ It is to be found, however, in Achilles Tatius; and in the poem beginning

"Lydia, bella puella, candida,"

attributed to Gallus. A moderate distinction is desirable, especially where the hair is very light. Hear Burns, in a passage full of life and sweetness,

* "Κημ' ἐκ τῆς αὐτρῆς συνοφρύς κορμὴ εἶχες ἰδοῦσα
Τὰς δαμπαλὰς παρῶντα, καλὸν καλὸν ἡμῖς ἐφασκεν·
Οὐ μὲν οὐδὲ λαγὼν ἐκρίθη ἀπὸ τοῦ πικροῦ αὐτῆς,
Ἀλλὰ κατὰ βλεψίας τῶν ἀμεινιμῶν ὄδῳ ἴρπον."

† *L'Ameto* di Messer Giovanni, Boccaccio, pp. 31, 32, 39. Parma, 1802.

‡ See the *Ameto*, p. 32.

§ Barrotti, Gio. Andrea, *le chiome bionde e ciglia nere d'Alcina*, discorso accademico. Pavoda, 1746.

"Sae flaxen were her ringlets,
Her eyebrows of a darker hue,
Bewitchingly o'er-arching
Twa laughing e'en o' bonny blue."

It is agreed on all hands, that a female eyebrow ought to be delicate, and nicely pencilled. Dante says of his mistress's, that it looked as if it was painted.

"The eyebrow,
Polished and dark, as though the brush had drawn it,"

Brows ought to be calm and even.

"Upon her eyelids many graces sat,
Under the shadow of her even brows." *Faery Queen.*

Eyelids have been mentioned before. The lashes are best when they are dark, long, and abundant without tangling.—But I shall never get on at this rate.

SHAPE OF HEAD and FACE, EARS, CHEEKS, &c. The shape of the head, including the face, is handsome in proportion as it inclines from round into oval. This should particularly appear, when the face is looking down. The skull should be like a noble cover to a beautiful goblet. The principal breadth is at the temples, and over the ears. The ears ought to be small, delicate, and compact. I have fancied that musical people have fine ears, in that sense, as well as the other. But the internal conformation must be the main thing with them. The same epithets of small, delicate, and compact, apply to the jaw; which loses in beauty, in proportion as it is large and angular. The cheek is the seat of great beauty and sentiment. It is the region of passive and habitual softness. Gentle acquiescence is there; modesty is there; the lights and colours of passion play tenderly in and out its surface, like the Aurora of the northern sky. It has been seen how Anacreon has painted a cheek. Sir Philip Sidney has touched it with no less delicacy, and more sentiment:—"Her cheeks blushing, and withal, when she was spoken to, a little smiling, were like roses when their leaves are with a little breath stirred."—*Arcadia, Book I.* Beautiful cheeked is a favourite epithet with Homer. There is an exquisite delicacy, rarely noticed, in the transition from the cheek to the neck, just under the ear. Akenside has observed it; but hurts his real feeling, as usual, with common-place epithets:—

"Hither turn
Thy graceful footsteps; hither, gentle maid,
Incline thy polish'd forehead; let thy eyes
Effuse the mildness of their azure dawn;
And may the fanning breezes waft aside
Thy radiant locks, disclosing, as it bends
With airy softness from the marble neck,
The cheek fair blooming."

Pleasures of Imagination.

* "Il ciglio
Pulito, e brun, talchè dipinto pare."—*Rime, Lib. 5.*

The "marble neck" is too violent a contrast; but the picture is delicate.

"Effuse the mildness of their azure dawn"

in an elegant and happy verse.

I will here observe, that rakes and men of sentiment appear to have agreed in objecting to ornaments for the ears. Ovid, Sir Philip Sidney, and, I think, Beaumont and Fletcher, have passages against ear-rings; but I cannot refer to the last.

"Load not your ears with costly jewelry,
Which the swart Indian culls from his green sea."*

This, to be sure, might be construed into a warning against the abuse, rather than the use, of such ornaments; but the context is in favour of the latter supposition. The poet is recommending simplicity, and extolling the age he lives in, for its being sensible enough to dispense with show and finery. The passage in Sidney is express, and is a pretty conceit. Drawing a portrait of his heroine, and coming to the ear, he tells us, that

"The tip no jewel needs to wear;
The tip is jewel to the ear."

I confess when I see a handsome ear without an ornament, I am glad it is not there; but if it has an ornament, and one in good taste, I know not how to wish it away. There is an elegance in the dangling of a gem suitable to the complexion. I believe the ear is better without it. Akenside's picture, for instance, would be spoiled by a ring. Furthermore, it is in the way of a kiss.

Nose.—The nose has the least character, of any of the features. When we meet with a very small one, we only wish it larger; when with a large one, we would fain request it to be smaller. In itself it is rarely any thing. The poets have been puzzled to know what to do with it. They are generally contented with describing it as straight, and in good proportion. The straight nose, quoth Dante;—" *Il dritto naso*." "Her nose directed straight," saith Chaucer. "Her nose is neither too long nor too short," say the Arabian Nights. Ovid makes no mention of a nose. Ariosto says of Alcina's (not knowing what else to say), that envy could not find fault with it. Anacreon contrives to make it go shares with the cheek. Boccaccio, in one of his early works, the *Ameto* abovementioned, where he has an epithet for almost every noun, is so puzzled what to say of a nose, that he calls it *odorante*, the smelling nose. Fielding, in his contempt for so unsentimental a part of the visage, does not scruple to beat Amelia's nose to pieces, by an accident; in order to show how contented her lover can be, when the surgeon has put it decently to rights. This has been reckoned a hazardous experiment; not that a lover, if he is worth

* "Vos quoque non caris aures onerate lapillis,
Quos legit in viridi decolor Indus aqua." *Artis Amat. Lib. 3.*

any thing, would not remain a lover after such an accident, but that we do not choose to have a member injured, which has so little character to support its adversity. The commentators have a curious difficulty with a line in Catullus. They are not sure whether he wrote

"Salve, nec *nimio* puella naso—
Hail, damsel, with by no means too much nose."—

or,

"Salve, nec *minimo* puella naso—
Hail, damsel, with by no means nose too little."

It is a feature to be described by negatives. It is of importance, however, to the rest of the face. If a good nose will do little for a countenance otherwise poor, a bad one is a great injury to the best. An indifferent one is so common, that it is easily tolerated. It appears, from the epithets bestowed upon that part of the face by the poets and romance-writers, that there is no defect more universal than a nose twisted or out of proportion. The reverse is desirable accordingly. A nose should be firmly yet lightly cut, delicate, spirited, harmonious in its parts, and proportionate with the rest of the features. A nose merely well-drawn and proportioned, can be very insipid. Some little freedom and delicacy is required to give it character. Perhaps the highest character it can arrive at, is a look of taste and apprehensiveness. That of dignity is more equivocal. Junius adduces the authority of the sophist Philostratus for *tetragonal* or *quadrangular noses*,—noses like those of statues; that is to say, broad and level in the bridge, with distinct angles to the parallelogram. These are better for men than women. The genders of noses are more distinct than those of eyes and lips. The neuter are the commonest. A nose a little aquiline has been admired in some women. Cyrus's Aspasia had one, according to Ælian. "She had very large eyes," quoth he, "and was a little upon the griffin;" *ολιγὰν δὲ πρὸς καὶ σπιγρυπτός*.* The less the better. It trenches upon the other sex, and requires all the graces of Aspasia to carry it off. Those indeed will carry off any thing. There are many handsome and agreeable women with aquiline noses; but they are agreeable in spite of them, not by their assistance. Painters do not give them to their ideal beauties. We do not imagine angels with aquiline noses. Dignified men have them. Plato calls them royal. Marie Antoinette was not the worse for an aquiline nose; at least in her triumphant days, when she swam through an antichamber like a vision, and swept away the understanding of Mr. Burke. But if a royal nose has any thing to do with a royal will, she would have been the better for one of a less dominant description, at last. A Roman nose may establish a tyranny:—according to Marmontel, a little turn-up nose overthrew one. At all events, it is more feminine; and La Fon-

* Var. Hist. Lib. 12. Cap. 1.

taine was of Marmontel's opinion. Writing to the Duchess of Bouillon, who had expressed a fear that he would grow tired of Château-Thierry, he says,

How can one tire in solitudes and nooks,
Graced by the steps, enlighten'd by the looks,
Of the most piquant of princesses,
With little darling foot, and long dark tresses?
A turn-up nose too, between you and me,
Has something that attracts me mightily.
My loving days, I must confess, are over,
A fact it does me honour to discover;
Though, I suppose, whether I love or not,
That brute, the public, will not care a jot.
The dev'l a bit will their hard hearts look to it.
But should it happen, some fine day,
That any thing should lead me round that way,
A long and beaky nose will certainly not do it.*

MOUTH and CHIN.—The mouth, like the eyes, gives occasion to so many tender thoughts, and is so apt to lose and supersede itself in the affectionate softness of its effect upon us, that the first impulse, in speaking of it, is to describe it by a sentiment and a transport. Mr. Sheridan has hit this very happily—see his Rivals:—

Then, Jack, such eyes! Such lips! Eyes so, &c. &c.

I never met with a passage in all the poets, that gave me a livelier and softer idea of this charming feature, than a stanza in a homely old writer of our own country. He is relating the cruelty of Queen Eleanor to the Fair Rosamond.

"With that she dash'd her on the lips,
So dyed double red:
Hard was the heart that gave the blow,
Soft were those lips that bled."

WARNER'S *Albion's England*, Book viii. Chap. 41.

Sir John Suckling, in his taste of an under lip, is not easily to be surpassed.

"Her lips were red, and one was thin
Compared with that was next her chin,
Some bee had stung it newly."

The upper lip, observe, was only comparatively thin. Thin lips become none but shrews or niggards. A rosiness beyond that of

* "Peut-on s'ennuyer en des lieux
Honorés par les pas, éclairés par les yeux
D'une aimable et vive princesse,
A pied blanc et mignon, à brune et longue tresse?
Nez troussé, c'est un charme encor selon mon sens,
C'en est même un des plus puissants.
Pour moi, le temps d'aimer est passé, je l'avoue;
Et je mérite qu'on me loue
De ce libre et sincère aven,
Dont pourtant le public se souciera très peu.
Que j'aime ou n'aime pas, c'est pour lui même chose.
Mais s'il arrive que mon cœur
Retourne à l'avenir dans sa première erreur,
Nez aquilins et longs n'en seront pas la cause."

the cheeks, and a good tempered sufficiency and plumpness, are the indispensable requisites of a good mouth. Chaucer, a great judge, is very peremptory in this matter.

"With pregnant lips, and thick to kiss percase;
For lippes thin, not fat, but ever lean,
They serve of naught; they be not worth a bean;
For if the vase be full, there is delight." *The Court of Love.*

For the consolation of those who have thin lips, and are not shrews or niggards, I must give it here as my firm opinion, founded on what I have observed, that lips become more or less contracted, in the course of years, in proportion as they are accustomed to express good humour and generosity, or peevishness and a contracted mind. Remark the effect which a moment of ill-temper or grudgingness has upon the lips, and judge what may be expected from an habitual series of such moments. Remark the reverse, and make a similar judgment. The mouth is the frankest part of the face. It can the least conceal its sensations. We can hide neither ill-temper with it nor good. We may affect what we please; but affectation will not help us. In a wrong cause, it will only make our observers resent the endeavour to impose upon them. The mouth is the seat of one class of emotions, as the eyes are of another: or rather, it expresses the same emotions but in greater detail, and with a more irrepressible tendency to be in motion. It is the region of smiles and dimples, and of a trembling tenderness; of sharp sorrow, of a full and breathing joy, of candour, of reserve, of a carking care, of a liberal sympathy. The mouth, out of its many sensibilities, may be fancied throwing up one great expression into the eyes; as many lights in a city reflect a broad lustre into the heavens. On the other hand, the eyes may be supposed the chief movers, influencing the smaller details of their companion, as heaven influences earth. The first cause in both is internal and deep-seated.

The more we consider beauty, the more we recognise its dependence on sentiment. The handsomest mouth without expression, is no better than a mouth in a drawing-book. An ordinary one, on the other hand, with a great deal of expression, shall become charming. One of the handsomest smiles I ever saw in a man, was that of a celebrated statesman who is reckoned plain. How handsome Mrs. Jordan was, when she laughed; who, nevertheless, was not a beauty. If we only imagine a laugh full of kindness and enjoyment, or a "little giddy laugh," as Marot calls it,—*un petit ris folletre*,—we imagine the mouth handsome as a matter of course: at any rate, for the time. The material obeys the spiritual. Anacreon beautifully describes a lip as "a lip like Persuasion's," and says it calls upon us to kiss it. "Her lips," says Sir Philip Sidney, "though they were kept close with modest silence, yet with a pretty kind of natural swelling, they seemed to invite the guests that looked on them."—*Arcadia*, Book 1. Let me quote another passage from that noble romance, which was written

to fill a woman's mind with all beautiful thoughts, and which I never met with a woman that did not like, notwithstanding its faults, and in spite of the critics. "Her tears came dropping down like rain in sunshine; and she not taking heed to wipe the tears, they hung upon her cheeks and lips, as upon cherries, *which the dropping tree bedeweth*."—Book the Third. Nothing can be more fresh and elegant than this picture.

A mouth should be of good natural dimensions, as well as plump in the lips. When the ancients, among their beauties, make mention of small mouths and lips, they mean small only, as opposed to an excess the other way; a fault very common in the south. The sayings in favour of small mouths, which have been the ruin of so many pretty looks, are very absurd. If there must be an excess either way, it had better be the liberal one. A petty, pursed-up mouth, is fit for nothing but to be left to its self-complacency. Large mouths are oftener found in union with generous dispositions, than very small ones. Beauty should have neither; but a reasonable look of openness and delicacy. It is an elegance in lips, when, instead of making sharp angles at the corner of the mouth, they retain a certain breadth to the very verge, and show the red. The corner then looks painted with a free and liberal pencil.

Beautiful teeth are of a moderate size, even, and white; not a dead white like fish bones, which has something ghastly in it, but ivory or pearly white with an enamel. Bad teeth in a handsome mouth present a contradiction, which is sometimes extremely to be pitied; for a weak or feverish state of body may occasion them. Teeth, not kept as clean as possible, are unpardonable. Ariosto has a celebrated stanza upon a mouth.

"Next, as between two little vales, appears
The mouth, where spices and vermilion keep:
There lurk the pearls, richer than sultan wears,
Now casketed, now shown, by a sweet lip:
Thence issue the soft words and courteous prayers,
Enough to make a churl for sweetness weep:
And there the smile taketh its rosy rise,
That opens upon earth a paradise."^{*}

To the mouth belong not only its own dimples, but those of the face:

"The delicate wells
Which a sweet smile forms in a lovely cheek."[†]

* "Sotto quel sta, quasi fra due vallette,
La bocca, sparsa di natio cinabro:
Quivi due filze son di perle elette,
Che chiude ed apre un bello e dolce labro;
Quindi escon le cortesi parolette
Da render molle ogni cor rozzo e scabro;
Quivi si forma quel soave riso,
Ch'apre a sua posta in terra il paradiso."—*Orlan. Fur.* Canto 7.

† "Le pozzette
Che forma un dolce riso in bella guancia."—Tasso.

The chin, to be perfect, should be round and delicate, neither advancing nor retreating too much. If it exceed either way, the latter defect is on the side of gentleness. The former anticipates old age. A rounded and gentle prominence is both spirited and beautiful; and is eminently Grecian. It is an elegant countenance, (affectation of course apart) where the forehead and eyes have an inclined and overlooking aspect, while the mouth is delicately full and dimpled, and the chin supports it like a cushion, leaning a little upward. A dimple in the chin is almost invariably demanded by the poets, and has a character of grace and tenderness.

NECK and SHOULDERS. The shoulders in a female ought to be delicately plump, even, and falling without suddenness. Broad shoulders are admired by many. It is difficult not to like them, when handsomely turned. It seems as if "the more of a good thing, the better." At all events, an excess that way may divide opinion, while of the deformity of pinched and mean looking shoulders there can be no doubt. A good-tempered woman, of the order yeleft buxom, not only warrants a pair of expansive shoulders, but bespeaks our approbation of them. Nevertheless, they are undoubtedly a beauty rather on the masculine than feminine side. They belong to manly strength. Achilles had them. Milton gives them to Adam. His

"Hyacinthine locks
Round from his parted forelock manly hung
Clustering; but not beneath his shoulders broad."

Fielding takes care to give all his heroes huge calves and Herculean shoulders,—graces, by the way, in which he was himself eminent. Female shoulders ought rather to convey a sentiment of the gentle and acquiescent. They should lean under those of the other sex, as under a protecting shade. Looking at the male and female figure with the eye of a sculptor, our first impression with regard to the one, should be, that it is the figure of a noble creature, prompt for action, and with shoulders full of power;—with regard to the other, that it is that of a gentle creature, made to be beloved, and neither active nor powerful, but fruitful:—the mould of humanity. Her greatest breadth ought not to appear to be at the shoulders. The figure should resemble the pear on the tree,

"Winding gently to the waist."

Of these matters, and of the bosom it is difficult to speak: but *Honi soit qui mal y pense*. This article is written neither for the prudish nor the meretricious; but for those who have a genuine love of the beautiful, and can afford to hear of it. It is not the poets and other indulgers in a lively sense of the beautiful, that are deficient in a respect for it; but they who suppose that every lively expression must of necessity contain a feeling of the gross and impertinent. I do not regard these graces, as they pass in succession before me, with the coarse and cunning eye of a rake at a tavern-door. I will venture to say that I am too affectionate and

even voluptuous for such a taste; and that the real homage I pay the sex, deserves the very best construction of the most amiable women, and will have it.

"Fathers and husbands, I do claim a right
In all that is call'd lovely. Take my sight
Sooner than my affection from the fair.
No face, no hand, proportion, line, or air
Of beauty, but the muse hath interest in."

BEN JONSON.

A bosom is most beautiful when it presents *none* of the extremes which different tastes have demanded for it. Its only excess should be that of health. This is not too likely to occur in a polite state of society. Modern customs and manners too often leave to the imagination the task of furnishing out the proper quantity of beauty, where it might have existed in perfection. And a tender imagination will do so. The only final ruin of a bosom in an affectionate eye, is the want of a good heart. Nor shall the poor beauty which a mother has retained by dint of being no mother, be lovely as the ruin. O Sentiment! Beauty is but the outward and visible sign of thee; and not always there, where thou art most. Thou canst supply her place when she is gone. Thou canst remain, and still make an eye sweet to look into; a bosom beautiful to rest the heart on.

A favourite epithet with the Greek poets, lyrical, epic, and dramatic, is *deep-bosomed*. Mr. Moore, in one of his notes on Anacreon, says, that it literally means *full-bosomed*. But surely it *literally* means what it literally says. *Full-bosomed* might imply a luxuriance every way. *Deep-bosomed* is spoken in one of those poetical feelings of contrast, which imply rather a dislike of the reverse quality, than an extravagant demand of the one which is praised. If it is to be understood more literally, still the taste is to be vindicated. A Greek meant to say, that he admired a chest truly feminine. It is to be concluded, that he also demanded one left to its natural state, as it appeared among the healthiest and loveliest of his countrywomen; neither compressed, as it was by the fine ladies; nor divided and divorced in that excessive manner, which some have accounted beautiful.* It was certainly nothing contradictory to grace and activity, which he demanded.

Crown me then, I'll play the lyre,
Bacchus, underneath thy shade:
Heap me, heap me, higher and higher;
And I'll lead a dance of fire,
With a dark, deep-bosom'd maid.—ANACREON. Ode v.

The ladies ought to understand the spirit of epithets like these: for the tight lacing and other extravagances, of which they are too justly accused, originated in a desire, not to make the waist so posterously small as they do make it, but to convey to their ad-

* See an epigram in the Greek Anthology, beginning
"Εκμαίνει χεῖλη με πόθυρα, ποικιλομήτα."

mirers a general sense of the beauty of smallness in that particular, and their own consciousness of the grace of it.

Rosy-bosom'd is another epithet in the Greek taste. Milton speaks in *Comus* of

"The Graces and the rosy-bosomed Hours."

Virgil says of Venus,

— "She said,
And turn'd, refulgent with a rosy neck."*

"O'er her warm neck and rising bosom move
The bloom of young Desire, and purple light of Love;"

GRAY.

which is a couplet made up of this passage in Virgil and another. Virgil follows the Greeks, and the Greeks followed Nature. All this bloom and rosy refulgence, which are phrases of the poets, mean nothing more than that healthy colour which ought to appear in the finest skin. See the next section of this paper, upon Hands and Arms.

A writer in the *Anthology* makes use of the pretty epithet, "*vernal-bosom'd*."† The most delicate painting of a vernal bosom is in Spenser:

"And in her hand a sharp boar-spear she held,
And at her back a bow and quiver gay
Stuft with steel-headed darts, wherewith she quell'd
The salvage beasts in her victorious play,
Knit with a golden bauldrick, which forelay
Athwart her snowy breast, and did divide
Her dainty paps; which, like young fruit in May,
Now little gan to swell; and being tied,
Through their thin weeds their places only signified."

Dryden copies after Spenser, but not with such refinement. His passage, however, is so beautiful, and has a gentleness and movement so much to the purpose, that I cannot resist the pleasure of quoting it. He is describing Boccaccio's heroine in the story of *Cymon and Iphigenia*:—

"By chance conducted, or by thirst constrain'd,
The deep recesses of the grove he gain'd;
Where, in a plain defended by the wood,
Crept through the matted grass a crystal flood,
By which an alabaster fountain stood:
And on the margin of the fount was laid
Attended by her slaves, a sleeping maid;
Like Dian and her nymphs, when, tired with sport,
To rest by cool Eurotas they resort.
The dame herself the goddess well express'd,
Not more distinguish'd by her purple vest,
Than by the charming features of her face,
And e'en in slumber a superior grace.

* "Dixit; et avertens, rosea cervice refulsit."

† *Εαρινόστροφος*.

Her comely limbs composed with decent care,
 Her body shaded with a slight cymar,
 Her bosom to the view was only bare;
 Where two beginning paps were scarcely spied,
 For yet their places were but signified.
 The fanning wind upon her bosom blows;
 To meet the fanning wind the bosom rose;
 The fanning wind, and purling streams, continue her repose.*

This beautiful conclusion, with its repetitions, its play to and fro, and the long continuous line with which it terminates, is delightfully soft and characteristic. The beauty of the sleeper and of the landscape mingle with one another. The wind and the bosom are gentle challengers.

"Each softer seems than each, and each than each seems smoother."

SPENSER'S *Britain's Ida*.

Even the turn of the last triplet is imitated from Spenser.—See the divine passage of the concert in the Bower of Bliss, Faery Queen, book ii. canto 12, stanza 71. "The sage and serious Spenser," as Milton called him, is a great master of the beautiful in all its branches. He also knew, as well as any poet, how to help himself to beauty out of others. The former passage imitated by Dryden, was, perhaps, suggested by one in Boccaccio.* The simile of "young fruit in May" is undoubtedly from Ariosto.

"Her bosom is like milk, her neck like snow;
 A rounded neck; a bosom, where you see
 Two crisp young ivory apples come and go,
 Like waves that on the shore beat tenderly,
 When a sweet air is ruffling to and fro."†

But Ariosto has been also to Boccaccio, and he to Theocritus; in whom, I believe, this fruitful metaphor is first to be met with. It is very suitable to his shepherds, living among the bowers of Sicily.—See *Idyl* xxvii. v. 49. Sir Philip Sidney has repeated it in the *Arcadia*. But poets in all ages have drawn similar metaphors from the gardens. Solomon's Song abounds in them. There is a hidden analogy, more than poetical, among all the beauties of Nature.

I quit this tender ground, prepared to think very ill of any person who thinks I have said too much of it. Its beauty would not allow me to say less; but not the less do I "with reverence deem" of those resting-places for the head of love and sorrow—

"Those dainties made to still an infant's cries."

HAND AND ARM.—A beautiful arm is of a round and flowing outline, and gently tapering; the hand long, delicate, and well

* L'Ameto, as above, p. 31. 33.

† "Bianca neve è il bel collo, e 'l petto latte;
 Il collo tondo, il petto colmo e largo:
 Due pome acerbe, e pur d'avorio fatte,
 Vengono e van, come onda al primo margo,
 Quando piacevole aura il mar combatte.

Orlan. Fur. Canto 7.

turned, with taper fingers, and a certain buoyancy and turn upwards in their very curvature and repose. I fear this is not well expressed. I mean, that when the hand is at rest, and displayed, the wrist a little bent, and the other part of it, with the fingers, stretching and dipping forwards with the various undulations of the joints, it ought, however plump and in good condition, to retain a look of promptitude and lightness. The spirit of the guitar ought to be in it; of the harp and the piano-forte, of the performance of all elegant works, even to the dairy of Eve, who "tempered dulcet creams."—See a picture in Spenser, not to be surpassed, as usual, by any Italian pencil:

"In her left hand a cup of gold she held,
And with her right the riper fruit did reach,
Whose sappy liquor, that with fulness swell'd,
Into her cup she scrud with dainty breach
Of her fine fingers, without foul empeach,
That so fair wine-press made the wine more sweet."

Book ii. canto 12.

It is sometimes thought that hands and arms cannot be too white. A genuine white is very beautiful, and is requisite to give them perfection; but shape and spirit are the first things in all beauty. Complexion follows. A hand and arm may be beautiful, without being excessively fair: they may also be very fair, and not at all beautiful. Above all, a sickly white is not to be admired, whatever may be thought of it by the sallow Italian, who praises a white hand for being *morbida*. I believe, however, he means nothing more than a contradiction to his own yellow. He would have his mistress's complexion unspoiled by oil and macaroni at any rate. These excessive terms, as I have before noticed, are not to be taken to the letter. A sick hand has its own merits, if it be an honest one; and may excite a feeling beyond beauty. But sickliness is not beauty. In the whitest skin there ought to be a look of health.* The nails of the fingers ought to be tinged with a healthy red. When the Greeks spoke of the *rosy-finger'd* Morn, it was not a mere metaphor, alluding to the ruddiness of the time of day. They referred also to the human image: the metaphor was founded in Nature, whether the goddess's office, or person, was to be considered. My friend George Bustle used to lament, that, in consequence of the advancement of knowledge and politeness, there was no longer any distinguishing mark of gentility but a white hand. Poor George! He had better have thought otherwise. He attempted one day to show off among us, by letting the blood be drawn out of his fingers' ends; which, acting upon an ill constitution, was the death of him. People who have nothing but a white hand to show for their breeding, are in a bad way. I would as soon trust the long nails of a Chinese dandy, who thinks it vulgar to be without talons. He supposes that nobody can be polite, whose hands retain

* "Candidis tamen manibus rosei ruboris aliquid suffundatur."

Juvénal, Cap. ix. sect. 26.

a look of utility. Unreflecting Hi-Fong! not to know, that beauty, grace and utility are fellow-workers. A sculptor might as well shut up his tools.

"The instrument of instruments, the hand,"

is not a thing to be stuck in a scutcheon, like a baronet's device. The most delicate need not be afraid of turning it to account, even on the score of delicacy. If it is worth any thing at all, it is worth preserving; and a reasonable exercise of the various joints, muscles, and other useful pieces of machinery which Nature, whatever some may think, has really bestowed on that graceful member, serves to keep it in health and perfectness. Look at the delicate withered claw of some foolish old lady, West Indian for instance, who has never been suffered to lift a comb to her head, or carry a bundle of music across a threshold; and compare it with many accomplished hands, that have been used to fifty good offices, and that remain soft and young-looking to the last. Wherever a genuine and lasting beauty is desired, the blood must be circulated.

FIGURE, CARRIAGE, &c.—The beauty of the female figure consists in being gently serpentine. Modesty and luxuriance, fulness and buoyancy, a rising, as if to meet; a falling, as if to retire; spirit, softness, apprehensiveness, self-possession, a claim on protection, a superiority to insult, a sparkling something enshrined in gentle proportions and harmonious movement, should all be found in that charming mixture of the spiritual and material. Mind and body are not to be separated, where real beauty exists. Should there be no great intellect, there will be a sort of intellectual instinct, a grace, an address, a naturally wise amiableness. Should intellect unite with these, there is nothing upon earth so powerful, except the spirit whom it shall call master.

Beauty too often sacrifices to fashion. The spirit of fashion is not the beautiful, but the wilful; not the graceful, but the fantastic; not the superior in the abstract, but the superior in the worst of all concretes, the vulgar. It is the vulgarity that can afford to shift and vary itself, opposed to the vulgarity that longs to do so, but cannot. The high point of taste and elegance is to be sought for, not in the most fashionable circles, but in the best bred, and such as can dispense with the eternal necessity of never being the same thing. Beauty there, both moral and personal, will do all it can to resist the envy of those who would deface, in order to supersede it. The highest dressers, the highest painters, are not the loveliest women, but such as have lost their loveliness, or never had any. The others know the value of their natural appearance too well. It is these that inspire the mantua-maker or milliner with some good thought. The fantasies of fashion take it up, and spoil it. Sixty or seventy years ago, it was the fashion for ladies to have long waists like a funnel. Who would suppose that this originated in a natural and even rustic taste? And yet the stomachers of that time were only caricatures of the bodice of a

country beauty. Some handsome women brought the original to town; fashion proceeded to render it ugly and extravagant; and posterity laughs with derision at the ridiculous portraits of its grandmothers. The poet might have addressed a beauty forced into this fashion, as he did his devoted heroine in those celebrated lines:

"No longer shall the bodice, aptly laced,
From thy full bosom to thy slender waist,
That air and harmony of shape express,
Fine by degress, and beautifully less."

PRISON'S *Henry and Emma.*

No: it was

"Gaunt all at once, and hideously little."

It was like a pottle of strawberries, with two oranges at the top of it. Now-a-days it is the fashion to look like an hour-glass, or a huge insect, or any thing else cut in two, and bolstered out at head and feet. A fashion that gracefully shows the figure is one thing: a fashion that totally conceals it, may have its merits; but voluntarily to accept puffed shoulders in lieu of good ones, and a pinch in the ribs for a body like that of the Venus de' Medici, is what no woman of taste should put up with, who can avoid it. They are taking her in. The levelling rogues know what they are about, and are for rendering their crook backs and unsatisfactory waists indistinguishable. If the levelling stopped here, it might be pardonable. Fair play is a jewel, that one wishes to see every body enriched by. But as fashion is naturally at variance with beauty, it is also at variance with health. The more a woman sacrifices of the one, the more she loses of the other. Thick legs are the least result of these little waists. Bad lungs, bad livers, bad complexions, deaths, melancholie, and worse than all, rickety and melancholy children, are too often the undeniable consequences of the tricks that fashion plays with the human body. By a perverse spirit of justice, the children are revenged on the parents; and help, when they grow up, to pervert those who have the advantage of them.

It is a truism to say that a waist should be neither pinched in nor shapeless, neither too sudden nor too shelving, &c. but a natural unsophisticated waist, properly bending when at rest, properly falling in when the person is in motion. But truisms are sometimes as necessary to repeat in writing, as to abide by in painting or sculpture. The worst of it is, they are not always allowed to be spoken of. For instance, there is a truism called a hip. It is surely a very modest and respectable joint, and of great use to the rising generation; a sculptor could no more omit it in a perfect figure, than he could omit a leg or an arm: and yet, by some very delicate chain of reasoning, known only to the double-refined, not merely the word, but the thing, was suppressed about twenty years back. The word vanished: the joint was put under the most painful restrictions: it seemed as if there were a Society for

the Suppression of Hips. The fashion did not last, or there is no knowing what would have become of us. We should have been the most melancholy, hipped, unhipped generation, that ever walked without our proper dimensions. Moore's Almanack would have contained new wonders for us. Finally, we should have gone out, wasted, faded, old-maided-and-bachelored ourselves away, grown

"Fine by degrees and beautifully less,"

till a Dutch jury (the only survivors) brought in the verdict of the polite world,—Died for want of care in the mother. At present a writer may speak of hips, and live. Nay, the fancies of the men seem to have been so wrought upon by the recollection of those threatening times, that they have amplified into hips themselves, and even grown pigeon-breasted. Such are the melancholy consequences of violating the laws of Nature.

A true female figure, then, is falling and not too broad in the shoulders; moderate, yet inclining to fulness rather than deficiency, in the bosom; gently tapering, and without violence of any sort, in the waist; naturally curving again in those never-to-be-without-apology-alluded-to hips; and, finally, her buoyant lightness should be supported upon natural legs, not at all like a man's; and upon feet, which, though little, ought to be able to support all the rest. Ariosto has described a foot,—

"The short, and neat, and little rounded foot."^{*}

The shortness, however, is not to be made by dint of shoes. It must be natural. It must also be not too short. It should be short and delicate, compared with that of the other sex; but sufficient for all purposes of walking, and running, and dancing, and dispensing with tight shoes; otherwise it is neither handsome in itself, nor will give rise to graceful movements. It is better to have the sentiment of grace in a foot, than a forced or unnatural smallness. The Chinese have three ideas in their heads:—tea, the necessity of keeping off ambassadors, and the beauty of small feet. The way in which they caricature this beauty, is a warning to all dull understandings. We make our feet bad enough already by dint of squeezing. Nations with shoes have no proper feet, like those who wear sandals. But the Chinese out-pinch an Inquisitor. I have seen a model of a lady's foot of that country, in which the toes were fairly turned underneath. They looked as if they were almost jammed into and made part of the sole. In the British Museum, if I remember, there is a pair of shoes that belonged to such a foot as this, which are shown in company with another pair, the property of Queen Elizabeth. Her Majesty stood upon no ceremony in that matter, and must have stamped to some purpose.

But what are beautiful feet, if they support not, and carry about with them, other graces? What are the most harmonious propor-

* "Il breve, asciutto, e ritondetto piede."

tions, if the soul of music is not within? Graceful movement, an unaffected elegance of demeanour, is to the figure what sense and sweetness are to the eyes. It is the soul looking out. It is what a poet has called the "thought of the body." The ancients, as the moderns do still in the south, admired a stately carriage in a woman: though the taste seems to have been more general in Rome than Greece. It is to be observed, that neither in Greece nor Rome had the women at any time received that truly feminine polish, which renders their manners a direct though not an unsuitable contrast to those of the other sex. It was reserved for the Goths and their chivalry to reward them with this refinement; and their northern descendants have best preserved it. The walk which the Latin poets attribute to their beauties, is still to be seen in all its stateliness at Rome. "Shall I be treated in this manner?" says Juno, complaining of her injured dignity,—“I, who walk the queen of the gods, the sister and the wife of Jove?”*—Venus, meeting Æneas, allows herself to be recognised in departing:—

“In length of train descends her sweeping gown,
And by her graceful walk the queen of love is known.”† DRYDEN.

A stately verse;—but *known* is not strong enough for *patuit*, and Virgil does not say “the queen of love,” but simply the goddess—the divinity. The walk included every kind of superiority. It is the step of Homer’s ladies.

“Of Troy’s proud dames whose garments sweep the ground.” POPE.

The painting has more of Rubens than Raphael; and I could not help thinking, when I was in Italy, that the walk of the females had more spirit than feminine grace. They know nothing of the swimming voluptuousness with which our ladies at court used to float into the drawing-room with their hoops; or the sweet and modest sway hither and thither, a little bending, with which a young girl shall turn and wind about a garden by herself, half serious, half playful. Their demeanour is sharper and more vehement. The grace is less reserved. There is, perhaps, less consciousness of the sex in it, but it is not the most modest or touching on that account. The women in Italy sit and sprawl about the doorways in the attitudes of men. Without being viragoes, they swing their arms as they walk. There is infinite self-possession, but no subjection of it to a sentiment. The most graceful and modest have a certain want of retirement. Their movements do not play inwards, but outwards: do not wind and retreat upon themselves, but are developed as a matter of course. If thought of, they are equally suffered to go on, with an unaffected and crowning satisfaction, conquering and to conquer. This is evidently the walk that Dante admired.

* “Ego, quæ divum incedo regina,” &c.

† ———“Pedes vestis defluxit ad imos,
Et vera incessu patuit Dea.”

"Sweetly she goes, like the bright peacock; straight
Above herself, like to the lady crane."^{*}

This is not the way we conceive Imogen or Desdemona to have walked. The head is too stiffly held up; admiration is too much courted: there is a perking consciousness in it, as if the lady, like the peacock, could spread out her shawl the next minute, and stand for us to gaze at it.

The carriage of Laura, Petrarch's mistress, was gentle; but she was a Provençal, not an Italian. He counts it among the four principal charms, which rendered him so enamoured. They were all identified with a sentiment. There was her carriage or walk; her sweet looks; her dulcet words; and her kind, modest, and self-possessed demeanour.

"From these four sparks it was, nor those alone,
Sprung the great fire, that makes me what I am,
A bird nocturnal, warbling to the sun."[†]

And in another beautiful sonnet, where he describes her sparkling with more than her wonted lustre, he says,

"Her going was no mortal thing; but shaped
Like to an angel's."[‡]

Now this is the difference between the walk of the ancient and modern heroine; of the beauty classical and Provençal, Italian and English. The one was like a goddess's, stately and at the top of earth; the other is like an angel's, humbler but nearer heaven.

It is the same with the voice. The southern voice is loud and uncontrolled; the women startle you, bawling and gabbling in the summer air. In the north, the female seems to bethink her of a thousand delicate restraints; her words issue forth with a sort of cordial hesitation. They have a breath and apprehensiveness in them, as if she spoke with every part of her being.

"Her voice was ever soft, gentle, and low,
An excellent thing in woman."

SHAKESPEARE.

As the best things, however, are the worst when spoiled, it is not

* "Soave a guisa va di un bel pavone;
Diritta sopra se, come una grua."

† "E con l'andar, e col soave sguardo,
S'accordan le dolcissime parole,
E l'atto mansueto, umile, e tardo.
Di tai quattro faville, e non già sole,
Nasce 'l gran foco di ch'io vivo ed ardo;
Che son fatto un angel notturno al sole."—*Sonnet* 131.

In this sonnet is the origin of a word of Milton's, not noticed by the commentators.

"With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence."—*L'Allegro*.

Da begli occhi un piacer sì caldo piove.
"So warm a pleasure rains from her sweet eyes."

‡ "Non era l'ander suo cosa mortale,
Ma d'angelica forma."—*Sonnet* 68.

easy to describe how much better the unsophisticated bawling of the Italian is, than the affectation of a low and gentle voice in a body full of furious passions. The Italian nature is a good one, though run to excess. You can pare it down. A good system of education would as surely make it a fine thing morally, as good training renders Italian singing the finest in the world. But a furious English woman affecting sweet utterance!—"Let us take any man's horses," as Falstaff says.

It is an old remark, that the most beautiful women are not always the most fascinating. It may be added, I fear, that they are seldom so. The reason is obvious. They are apt to rely too much on their beauty; or to give themselves too many airs. Mere beauty ever was, and ever will be, but a secondary thing, except with fools. And they admire it for as little time as any body else; perhaps not so long. They have no fancies to adorn it with. If this secondary thing fall into disagreeable ways, it becomes but a fifth or sixth-rate thing, or nothing at all, or worse than nothing. We resent the unnatural mixture. We shrink from it, as we should from a serpent with a beauty's head. The most fascinating women, generally speaking, are those that possess the finest powers of entertainment. In a particular and attaching sense, they are those that can partake our pleasures and our pains in the liveliest and most devoted manner. Beauty is little without this. With it, she is indeed triumphant, unless affection for a congenial object has forestalled her. In that case, fascination fixed carries the day hollow against fascination able to fix. I speak only of hearts capable of being fixed as well as fascinated; nor are they so few, as it is the interest of too many to make out. A good heart, indeed, requires little to fix it, if the little be good, and devoted, and makes it the planet round which it turns.

I reckon myself a widower, though I was never wedded; and yet with all my love for a departed object, a sympathizing nature would inevitably have led me to love again, had not travelling and one or two other circumstances thrown me out of the way of that particular class of my countrywomen, among whom I found the one, and always hoped to meet with the other. When I do, she may, or may not, as it happens, be beautiful; but the following charms, I undertake to say, she will and must have; and as they are haveable by others, who are not in possession of beauty, I recommend them as an admirable supply. They are far superior to the shallower perfections enumerated in this paper, and their only preservative where they exist.

Imprimis, an eye whether blue, black, or grey, that has given me the kindest looks in the world, and is in the habit of looking kindly on others.

Item, a mouth—I do not choose to say much about the mouth, but it must be able to say a good deal to me, and all sincerely. Its teeth, kept as clean as possible, must be an argument of cleanli-

ness in general; and, finally, it must be very good-natured to servants, and to friends who come in unexpectedly to dinner.

Item, a figure, which shall preserve itself, not by neglecting any of its duties, but by good taste and exercise, and the dislike of gross living. I would have her fond of all the pleasures under the sun, except those of tattling, and the table, and ostentation.

Fourthly, a power to like a character in a book, though it is not an echo of her own.

Fifthly, a great regard for the country.

Item, a hip.

[*New Monthly Mag.*

SELECTED FOR THE MUSEUM.

LATE AMERICAN BOOKS.

1. *Peep at the Pilgrims*; 2. *Lionel Lincoln*; 3. *Memoirs of Charles Brockden Brown*; 4. *John Bull in America*; 5. *The Refugee*; 6. *North American Review*, No. XLVII.

ABOUT five years ago, or thereabout, an article appeared in the *North American Review*, advising the writers of America, or such of them as had pluck enough, and soul enough, to undertake a few straight-forward stories, partly true, partly untrue, after the Scotch fashion, about the early history and exploits of the New England fathers, or pilgrims,—the brave, devout, absurd, positive, original creatures, who are now looked upon, every where, as the “settlers” of a country, which they wasted, literally, with fire and sword; with uninterrupted cruel warfare, till nothing was left, not a single tribe, hardly a vestige, in truth, of a great people,—of countless hordes, who covered all that part of our earth; being the natural, and, perhaps, the original proprietors thereof.

The paper was well timed, pretty clever, and has done much good, we hope, to the hot-bed of North American literature and scholarship, from the very middle of which the said *Review* itself sprung up, some twelve years ago, like a thing of the soil; quite covered with fruit and flower, blossom and bud, nevertheless.

We did hope, when we saw this article, that some native, bold writer of the woods; a powerful, huge barbarian, without fear, and without reproach, would rise up to the call; come forth in his might; and, with a great regard for historical truth, give out a volume or two, worthy, in some degree, of the stout, strange, noble characters; the resolute, stern, thoughtful characters, who contrived, in a little time after they were cast away upon the rocks of another world, far beyond the reach of pity or succour, apparently without hope, sick and weary as they were, to build up a great empire along the coast, from the wreck and rubbish, the fiery material and brave ornament, which, after the convulsions of Europe, drifted ashore in America; a story or two, worth reading, of the prodigious old Puritans—the political martyrs—the plain-hearted,

religious, quiet men, so unlike all other men that we now read of, either in history or fable; the courageous fanatics; the sober, unforgiving, bad zealots, who, on account of their moral stature, which was, indeed, of most unearthly proportions, appear in the mist or twilight, which covers the early history of New England, very much like a troop of giants walking about over the hills, in a great fog; a story or two, worth repeating, of the witches and wizards, the wars and fights of the country; the men thereof; such as Winthrop and Bradford, Sir Harry Vane, Whaley, Goff, Roger Williams, Elliot, Standish, Cotton, with a host of others; mighty men of war, some (for that portion of our earth,) some, tried in the battles of Europe, and well known to the soldiers there; others, powerful in debate, or learned, or wise to a proverb, and all, every one, of a decided character, brim-full of heroic individuality;—the women thereof, such as the celebrated Mrs. Hutchinson, or the female Quakers, who were scourged to death; or the witches, who were hung up for their beauty; the language, peculiarities, and habits of both:—We did hope for all this; and will continue to hope for it, though we see little to encourage us; for we have some idea of what might be made of such material, and have had, ever since the great Scotch novel writer himself, or *a* great Scotch novel writer, we should say, went a little out of his path, some three or four years ago, to take possession of the subject, as if it were a piece of uninhabited earth—and for what purpose, forsooth? Why, only to keep others away, it would seem; for, having set up the standard of dominion there; said over a form of exclusive appropriation, very peculiar to himself—a few words of power—and looked about him, for a breath or two, he went away for ever. We allude now to the case, where he lugs in a warlike stranger, we forget how, Whaley or Goff, we forget which—from the woods of Connecticut—a gray-headed man—a regicide, if our memory serves, for the rescue of a people, who were attacked on the Sabbath, while at prayer—"at meeting," we should say,—by a party of savages. Do not mistake us, though. We complain of that novel writer, for leaving the New World in a hurry; not for going to it; for doing so little, where he might have done so much—not for doing little, where he should have done less; for, let him search the records of all history through, page by page—ransack all the traditional lore of all antiquity, and he will never find a people more worthy of his great, peculiar power—that which delights in the dramatic portraiture of men above their fellows—than were the people of North America, up to the time of the revolutionary war. They grew up in strife; in perpetual commotion. They flourished all the better for earthquake and storm. There were feuds in every province, up to the very day, when they united for mutual safety; leaders, political, religious, and military, of surprising waywardness and great energy,—energy, almost without example; superb characters for the pen, or the chisel rather; for he, of whom we speak, writes with a chisel, when occupied with a subject worthy

of his whole power; magnificent characters, in truth; broad over the chest; with every muscle up, and every sinew, by continual warfare, alive and articulate; all over, in short, with courageous individuality.

Yes; we did hope for a story or two of the right shape, nor have we been altogether disappointed; for the writers of America started up, with a new impulse, after it appeared; broke out, from every wood, as their brave old fathers did, fifty years ago, in the day of their political emancipation, with loud cries; and every month of late, nay, almost every week, we have been treated with a volume or two, such as they were, of tales founded, with some regard for historical truth, upon the early transactions of their people. The favourite period with all these new writers, however, would seem to be that of the Revolution there, about which, quite enough has been said, "partly true, partly untrue;" quite enough now, to satisfy the appetite of this, or any other age, though it were said ever so well—fifty times better than it has been said. We, for one, are sick of it, glad as we are of the bustle "at home;" sick and weary of it, although it augurs well for a new growth of literature, in a country where, till of late, authors were obliged, whatever might be their worth, to "work for nothing and find themselves;" but where, within a few days, five thousand dollars have been offered (by Carey and Lea, Philadelphia) for two years' privilege of a novel, (Mr. Cooper's *LIONEL LINCOLN*;) with a "bonus" of two or three hundred more, to Wiley of New York, (the publisher,) if he would forego his claim; that is, about eleven hundred guineas for the privilege of supplying the markets of America, with a native story, for two years. If this be true, and we have good reason for believing it; and if it be true also, that certain of the chief publishers in the United States are beset on every side, almost every day, by young authors, overloaded with manuscript, or in travail with a book or two, (all which we believe to be the case, on authority good enough to satisfy us, who are not easily satisfied,) we venture to say that another revolution will soon take place in the New World—a more complete and absolute emancipation by far, than has ever yet occurred among the people of our earth; an escape from the worst of bondage—that of the soul; the true bondage of death—literary, not political bondage.

Who that wishes well to the great republic of literature,—who that knows what miracles may be wrought, with a spirit entirely free,—when a whole nation goes forth to generous warfare; every heart swelling with courage, heaving with joy, beating with hope; all on fire, with a new taste of immortality, ripe for adventure in every possible shape; who that knows aught of this will not pray for that hour to arrive?

It will arrive. The day of thorough emancipation is near, we hope and believe; emancipation, we should say, from that unworthy prejudice, (made up of a stupid apathy, self-distrust, and childish deference, God knows wherefore,) which degrades a people;

not emancipation, for that we do not wish, from hearty love, and grave, thoughtful admiration, both which the Americans do feel now, and must continue to feel, exactly in proportion to their own progress in literature and scholarship, for the scholars and writers of Great Britain.

Let a few of those youthful knights, over sea, who are now flashing their bright swords, with so much waste of power—giving a slap, five times out of six, where they should give a cut, or a stab—the flat of their blade, where they should give edge, or point—like all new beginners, who do little, with much effort, where, after a while, they do much, with little effort; a few of those, who are now slashing away at one particular period of their strange history—cutting up characters, who have been cut up already, five or six times over—bruising people to death, after they have been brayed in a mortar; working up that, over and over again, which had been worked up, over and over again before, till there was nothing left of it; and a few of those—a multitude, in truth—who are now ransacking heaps of earth—common earth, in a common highway, for a material more precious than gold—a stuff more coveted, by genius—while the rough, unvisited regions, over which, or near which, they walk every hour, in the daily transactions of a stupid life, abound with treasure—a little way below the rude surface:—of the many, who are thus employed, now; a part, with swords, a part, with ploughshares, on the broad highway of North American history, at one particular spot, which was broken up, years and years ago; rummaged, raked, and sifted, over and over again; of these, let a few gird up their loins for a worthier trial; go farther back into the woods of their country—among the shadows and rocks thereof—dig deep into the everlasting hills there, when, if they are not easily discouraged, nor too prodigal of power, they will assuredly meet with a reward, which they will never find where they are now looking for it.

But enough—Let us now go to these “late American books,” the titles of which are given above.

1. The “PEEP AT THE PILGRIMS,”*—God forgive the peeper, who has been peeping at large men, through the wrong end of a spy-glass,—we are afraid, is a tale got up to please the North American reviewer. It is a book—what shall we say of it? what *can* we say of it? a book, in three stout volumes—we hardly know how to describe it—full of good sense, which we have no sort of patience with; surcharged with historical truth, which nobody cares for; crowded with sober stuff, the insupportable accuracy of which were enough to damp the poetical ardour of a whole nation. All the dates are true—true as death; true to an hour; all the chief incidents, all the names—true to a letter. It is well got up; well written—the work of a thorough-paced, grave, cautious writer. There is hardly a bad page in it,—or a good one; or a

* PEEP AT THE PILGRIMS, 3 vols. 12 mo. Geo. B. Whitaker, London, 1825.

bad phrase, or a foolish one; or a coarse thought, or a crazy one; or a thing to weep at, or laugh at, for nearly fifty score pages. In short, we never did see such a tiresome, good-for-nothing, sensible book.

The author, who is a native American, (we say that, positively, spite of the shape in which the work has come out here,) the author of this PEEP, to say all in a breath, has the faculty of being absurd, without being ridiculous; absurd and respectable, at the same time. So well behaved is he, that you cannot laugh at him; yet so *very* judicious, that if another would make him appear like a fool—you would be gratified beyond measure.

Wishing to escape the severity of English, and very much afraid of Scotch criticism, he has put forth a work—as if all the eyes of all the earth were upon him—a work, which, though it has been republished here, will never be read, by either English or Scotch critics. Having heard the literature of his country charged with “coarseness”—that other name for great vigour, wild power, and courageous peculiarity, every where, in every age, with people, who have refined away all their own chief, distinguishing attributes, the author of this book has begotten his babe to a model; shaped his offspring to a mould, we fear,—lopping the giants and stretching the dwarfs, by a stop-watch, and a foot-rule—or a yard-stick; and spoiling their shape with stays—worn before birth, we dare say, half the time—till they are neither one thing nor another; but half British, half American, half savage, half civilized, so that we are reminded, at every step, while they go by us, of Hunter himself, the shrewd, light-haired North American savage, wearing white kid gloves, at a patrician party here; and going to court, in breeches, with hair powdered—a bag, a lace frill, and a small sword, of which he was in greater peril, by far, than he ever had been, or ever will be, of a tomahawk, or a scalping-knife.

But why do such things? Of what avail are they, to the half, or the whole savage; to the eater of men, or the writer of books, from abroad? Why go forth at all, if you may not go forth, in your own shape? Why throw off your own character, whatever it may be, when all eyes are upon you? Why undertake another—a new part, a serious one too, if you know what a serious part is—when you are playing for your life? In short, why become ridiculous? why make a fool of yourself to gratify another, who, if he be gratified by the sacrifice, must be, for that very reason, quite unworthy of it? Will the native North American please, or can he hope to please, a great people, or distinguish himself, by dressing after their fashion; by bowing, as they bow; talking, as they talk; *writing, as they write?* by aping their behaviour, look, and carriage? by adopting their habits, only to make himself and them, habits and people both, ridiculous? by throwing off that, which places him altogether aloof, and away from the multitude—his natural air; his national air; his brave, strong, decided individuality? by foregoing his privilege, prerogative, birth-right, and country? Will

they like him the better for it? Will they like to see a coarse awkward fellow—a giant, if you please, in his own shape—caricaturing the pomp of high life; and all the parade of courtly bearing, by his absurd imitation thereof?—We believe not.

For convenience; for comfort, perhaps, it may be well enough, to do as other people do; but no man will ever be *distinguished*, by doing as other people do. Were Tecumseh himself, the great Indian warrior and prophet; were he alive now, we should say to him this,—If you are going to the *city* of London, to the Royal Exchange, or to Exeter Change, “by particular desire,” off with your barbarian robes; away with all that smacks of dominion or authority; hide your face; cover your heart; walk humbly; do as they do; go *there*, like other people—the very mob—no matter how awkward you are. But if your aim be far above that; if you are not so much a man of business or thrift, as you are a disciple of Ambition; if you are heedless of comfort; and care only for that, which is worthily cared for, by the brave and wise; if you would appear, like yourself, in the courts of royalty—at *home* there—even there; if you would bear up, face to face with it, like a man; or, if you are going to the West End, where the better sort of lions go—away with all imitation, with all awkward restraint; away with your white kid gloves, and every other badge of servitude—(for, to *you*, every such thing *is* a badge of servitude)—on with all the rude pomp of your office, with all the barbarous dignity thereof:—Do all this, or keep away. Let your carriage be natural: Bear upon your very forehead, if you may, the sign of power, strange, though it be; the name of your country, savage, though it be—do all this, and, my word for it, Chief, they like you the better. They are courageous; they love courage. They are men; they love manhood: At any rate, if you go in your natural shape, in the true garb of your nation, *you* will never be laughed at. Grotesque, you *may* be; but, whether grotesque, or not, you will be respectable. If you are wise, you will not undertake the part of a fine gentleman, at your age. You may spend half your life before a looking-glass, with a drill-serjeant or a dancing-master,—half your life; and yet, if you are made of real North American stuff, you will be no match, in well-bred ease, for an English footman. You will not go into a room, or out of it; or approach a beautiful woman, with half so much graceful, smooth, self possession; or a tithe of his courtly air.

All this we would have urged, if we had come in the way of such a noble creature as Tecumseh; a part of it, we did urge, to Hunter; and all of it, we now urge to the writers of America, who are coming out, one after another, in a vile masquerade—putting away their chief properties, and aping the style of another people.

If they are satisfied with comfort, or security from the critics; or with insignificance; or a tolerable share of business, or profit; or with a few weeks' notoriety, on t'other side of Temple-bar; or a few months of undisputed—sober—price-current immortality

any where, they have only to imitate, or copy, the chief scribes of this empire; to bow as they bow; talk as they talk; and write as they write—no disparagement, however, to the said chief scribes, who are capital, in their way; but whom it will never do, for American authors to imitate; authors, we should say, who hope to be cared for.

But if the writers of America be what we believe them to be; if their aim is higher, nobler, more courageous; if they would rather perish of cold, far up in the sky, than live to a good old age, among the fires of earth; if they would rather die, on the steep, rocky path to immortality, with one great hope clinging to their exhausted hearts, above the reach of sympathy and succour, than live, or flourish, ever so long, as other men live, and flourish, on the common high-ways of our earth; if this be their temper, they will go abroad—each for himself, in the real costume of his tribe—the men of the everlasting woods; the giants of another world.

What have they to fear, who do this? Nothing—nothing—while they preserve their natural carriage; their natural freedom; their natural armour; their natural integrity: Every thing—every thing—if they are foolish enough to put off their distinguishing attributes; or simple enough to put on those of another people—whether of style, or manner.

It is American books that are wanted of America; not English books;—nor books, made in America, by Englishmen, or by writers, who are a sort of bastard English. The people here do not want copies, or parodies, or abridgments, or variations, or imitations—good or bad—of their great originals, either in prose or poetry. They would have something, which they have not; something, which does not grow here; something, which cannot be made here, nor counterfeited here. They want, in a word, from the people of North America, books, which, whatever may be their faults, are decidedly, if not altogether, *American*. Why have they no such book now? Why is there nothing of the sort, up to this hour; nothing, we should say, save a small part of two or three stories, by Brown, by Irving, by Neal, and by Cooper? And why is it, pray, that, even there, in those two or three, by such men, there is in truth not a single page decidedly, and properly American, either in character, language, or peculiarity?

If we go to another world, say the men here; if we go to another world, for precious things; for plants, or flowers—in God's name, let us not come back loaded with Irish diamonds; or mica dust; or exotics, which are only the spurious, or degenerate issue of our own soil; or mistake, as others have, the superfluous leafing, or distempered richness of plethora, for beauty and great value—inflammation, for the splendour of health. Let us have poison rather, for poison itself were more precious, than herbs of degenerate virtue. Give us that which is able to be mischievous, if unrighteously, or unworthily administered; for drugs of no power beget a habit of carelessness; and, whatever is incapable of doing mischief,

is incapable of doing good. Every poison is the natural antidote of some other poison. Power is virtue. Hence do we require of the American people, great power; stout, original power; productions, whatever else they may be, indigenous to the country; preferring those, which are decidedly vicious, to those which are of a neutral character—or of adulterated, or doubtful, or degenerate virtue. Give us a bad original, they would say, to every American writer, if they had any hope of him; keep your good copy: No great man was ever able to copy. Come forth naked, absolutely naked, *we* should say, to every real North American—savage, or not; wild, or tame; though your muscles *be* rather too large, and your toes are turned the wrong way for Almack's; but, in mercy to your country, to yourself, do not come forth, in a court equipage, with fine lace over your broad knuckles, and your strong rough hair powdered. We had rather see the Belvidere Apollo in breeches; or, if that be much too "coarse," in "shorts," or "tights," or "inexpressibles." Why turn out your toes now, if all your life long, hitherto, you have turned your toes in? If you do it ever so well here, nobody sees it; nobody knows it; but if you do it awkwardly, or, if you are caught rehearsing, with one heel at a time, it is all up with you. Do as you have done all your life—in such matters, if you wish to be respectable. Stick to your own habit. So long as you do, there is no standard for the genteel here, to try your gentility by. Throw it off, or take theirs; and you thereby acknowledge their jurisdiction, their power and authority, for trial and for punishment. Such would be our advice to every one, who, like the author of this book, is afraid of being stared at, for his originality, or laughed at, for his awkwardness, if he go among the polite, in his true shape—a rude, coarse man.

We had our eye for a while, we thought, upon the author. We were going to swear it upon a lad, who has been romping, for several years, off and on, with a couple of North American Muses; but, after getting through some forty or fifty pages, we gave up that idea—with pleasure. The lad, of whom we speak, has too much mettle, we know; too much genius, we believe; with forty times too much poetry; and too little good sense, we are quite sure, for such a work. We *hope* so; and yet, how came a bit of his poetry on the top of the opening chapter, with his name to it, in small capitals? That looks rather queer; rather suspicious—rather; because, with all the boy's talent, he is very lazy; and has done so little, in the shape of either prose or poetry, as to be wholly unknown out of his immediate neighbourhood. Wherefore, we are rather puzzled—for once; but, wherefore, we venture to say that, if he (his name, by the way, is Mellen; Grenville Mellen—son of Prentess Mellen, Chief Justice of Maine)—that if he did not furnish a part of the work, some very, very *particular* friend of his did, (as we have said before, while speaking of his insufferable precision,) for nobody else would have thought of citing his poetry, as if it were known to all our earth. By the by, some years ago—

we are not making up a formal essay; or writing well, by the square foot; we are only rescuing a few ideas from a multitude, which are crowding over us, on a drowsy afternoon—or, in other words, illustrating the beautiful theory of suggestion by—but let us go back. Some years ago, while going through the States, we fell in with a volume of—of—say poetry, on the title-page whereof appeared four lines of—poetry; call that poetry, too, (we have no better name for it,) four lines, beautifully set, in small capitals, from "FARMER." But who was FARMER? Who the devil was FARMER? We had somewhere heard of one SHAKESPEARE, BYRON, SCOTT, MOORE, and six or eight other men of small capitals; but who the devil was FARMER? Nobody knew; nobody was able to guess. At length, however, we were happy enough to find out, after much inquiry. FARMER was Dr. Farmer, (see BLACKWOOD, January, 1825, p. 48;) and he, Dr. Farmer, was, oddly enough, the author of that very book, wherein he, FARMER, was quoted on the title-page, in small capitals. We are justified, after, this—are we not?—in suspecting the author of this PEEP to be either Melan himself, whose poetry is quoted on the top of chapter one; or a dear friend of his; for, as a poet, he is hardly so well known, at this hour, as Dr. Farmer was five years ago.

A word, now, of the style; or, of *a* style rather, which is getting sadly in vogue. We meet with it every where. Cooper's late novel (of which more, by and by) is crowded with it; and about half, or two thirds of all the poetry, which comes in our way, is guilty of it. One brief specimen will serve; we are not in the humour for copying to-day. "No great man was ever able to copy."

"We all know your opinion," *saieth* he, to whom we are indebted for a "PEEP AT THE PILGRIMS," vol. II. p. 112,—*"We all know your opinion; but methinks a tongue, so eloquent as thine, should have won your cause ere this."* Beautiful, to be sure! beautiful! but how are we to speak of one, who has been guilty of such an outrage, in black and white, upon our noble system of speech; our beautiful, vigorous, and lofty language? Yet if we flay him alive, as we ought, for such blasphemy; what shall we say to others; people, who know better, and are guilty of it, in every page? It is getting very, *very* common. The pathetic of this day, is crowded with it. Prose or poetry, it is all the same. Cooper, in his *Lionel Lincoln*, is forty times worse. Do the blockheads know, or do they not, pray,* that a solemn style, and a familiar style, have no more business together, in the same period—or phrase, than two different languages? What if we, desiring to show off, were to make up a period of two or three languages—after a shape like this, now—Ich—dois—amar à los pueblos,—what would be thought of our egregious folly? Yet which is the more absurd? We may tolerate a sudden departure, in the poets, when

* *Pray?*—We dare say they do not.

they are hard pushed for rhyme, or melody; we may permit such fine cattle to change their paces, at every step, or two, when they are tied up, in sight of the green turf, or striving to swallow the fresh air; but we have no patience with heavy prose writers; we cannot forgive the fidgetting of a dray horse, an overgrown ox, or the unwieldy vapours of a huge, heavy Flanders mare, pretending to kick up her heels, in a brave riot, forsooth, while she is breeding cart horses.

There is Cowley, now. He translates Martial, Lib. II. Epig. 53, in this way, for a part—

"Would *you* be free? 'tis your chief wish, *you* say.
Come on; I'll show *thee*, friend, the certain way."

"If to no feast abroad, *thou* lovest to go," &c. &c.

Outrageous! we shall have some of these people saying, *thou have*, or *you hath*, next, if we do not give them a hearty cuff or two, in our good natured way, while we are in the humour.

2. LIONEL LINCOLN.* Mr. Cooper has wronged his early reputation by this unhappy affair. As a whole, though parts of it are fine, it is a poor book; a very poor book. He has run the whole course, now, carrying weight enough all the way, for a stouter back than his, and has come out, after all, very near the spot, from which he set off, years ago, with "PRECAUTION;" a starting-post, in truth, for him; a very wooden article. Our "Leaguer of Boston;" this late book—the child of his maturity, is quite of a piece, with his very first endeavour. It is a bachelor's babe—nothing more;—one of those dwarfish, drowsy portraits, half made up, which lazy men, who never marry till they are too fat, or too rich, leave behind them, as a substitute for living creatures.

The Spy was worth a dozen of it. We never thought very highly of Mr. Cooper; he has been greatly overrated by his countrymen; he is too amiable; to good a man—too popular, by half; we never thought much of him; yet are we disappointed, bitterly disappointed in this book. Still; though it is not the very thing that we require; it is a type, a shadow, a somewhat, in the shape thereof; the "shadow," perhaps, "of a coming event"—Who knows? It is not a real North American story, to be sure; but where shall we go for a real North American story? is there such a thing, on earth?† It is not such a book, as we might have, and shall have, we do hope yet; a brave, hearty, original book, brimful of descriptive truth—of historical and familiar truth; crowded with real American character; alive with American peculiarities; got up after no model, however excellent; wove to no pattern, however beautiful;

* LIONEL LINCOLN; OF THE LEAGUER OF BOSTON. By the AUTHOR OF THE SPY, &c. 3 vols. 12 mo. John Miller, 1825.

† Yes. BROTHER JONATHAN is a real North American story; and REDWOOD, we have reason to believe, is another, and a very good one.

in imitation of nobody, however great:—nay, it is not even so good a thing, as we might have looked for, from Cooper—"the Sir Walter Scott of America!"—for he was never the man to set rivers on fire; but, still—and we are glad of an opportunity so to speak,—still, it is a thing of the right school. If not altogether American, it is not altogether English; wherefore, let us be very thankful. It is not, as ninety-nine out of a hundred, of all the American stories are, a thing of this country—a British book tossed up, anew; worked over, afresh; and sent back, with a new title-page. Hitherto, if we took up here, a novel, or a poem, or a play, from the United States of North America, it has been with a sinking of the heart; for we knew that we should find it, *altogether* English—in purpose, though not in language, perhaps; English, in the character; English, in the plot and scope; English all over—bastard English, we might say—as if they, on t'other side of the great waters, were going to drive the British out of their own market, by counterfeiting their capital wares; crowded with worn out Scotch characters; with east-off Irish, and superannuated Welsh "ditto," with lords and ladies, butlers and footmen, to help off the story; crowded, in fact, with whatever was *not* American. The very pictures would be English; the whole scenery. At every page of the American tale, you would meet with something or other, which had never been met with, any where else, in America; a yew tree, perhaps; a fish pond, with a live hedge to it; a lawn; a blue lake, with a green turf border, rolled smooth; a pheasant, or a cottage, perhaps. The very dialect, in every case, though put into the mouth of a Yankee, or a Virginian, would be a wretched compound of Yorkshire, broad Scotch, Cockney, or bad Irish—and why? Because the writers of America will persist in writing after British models; because, they will make use of British literature, as they should not—prose and poetry—novels and plays; grinding them over, all in a heap, every part and parcel thereof; incident, character, thought, phrase—beauty—rubbish and all; working up the British material, over and over again, after the British have worn it entirely out, or thrown it by, for ever; and slighting their own, very much as the British, under the house of Radcliffe and Co., kept working up the showy earth of Spain or Italy, year after year, to the neglect of that, a better and a richer sort, by far, which lay under their very feet. The writers of England were quite as much infatuated, for a while, with banditti, monks, friars, blue skies, ruins, guitars, inquisitions, daggers, and all that, as the Americans are, now, with every sort of English novel-machinery. But, while we are letting these people have it, as they deserve—the blockheads—for not having produced a true American story, or a novel, worthy of being called American, what if they should call out, in reply, somewhat after this fashion.—"Where is the downright English novel, of this age? Where is the novel, worthy of being called English? Where

shall we go for a stout, strong, hearty novel, pourtraying, with force and courage, the true English character?"

Though Mr. Cooper's book is unworthy of him, still we cannot be very severe with it; because, after all, if it be not a real North American story, as we have said before, it is very like one; if not exactly that, for which we have been longing, it is the shadow, and perhaps the forerunner of it. And, although Mr. Cooper has not given us a single page of what is purely and absolutely American—a single phrase, we might say, in all that he has ever written; or a single touch, either of language, or thought, or character, which is absolutely true, yet he has done that now, for which we would give him great praise, very great. He has undertaken to write a story, altogether at *home*. He has made a picture, the plan, the drawing, the rough outline of which is American, though the characters, their costume, their look and attitude are not. He has thrown up, after a poor fashion, a poor structure; but his materials are American; the ground-work, at least; and a part of the outside is truth, great historical truth. For that, he shall have praise, though the workmanship is bad, and a part of the stuff spoilt forever; because they who come after him, will profit by his failure; and he, himself, after a time, perhaps, may do that well, in rock, or marble, which he has now done badly in clay.

Mr. Cooper is a dwarf, to be sure; a dwarf, when he goes playing about, on all fours, in the shadow of pyramids; or a-tiptoe, among the overthrown pillars of another age; "bobbing for whales," on the lee side of a bridge—a giant's causeway, in truth, over which the men of that revolution, (whereof he is now prattling, as if it were the work of a day; the stuff that novels are made of—a pretty incident—a scuffle—a row, worth taking up, in a popular story; worth alluding to;)—over which they travelled, year after year, *like* giants, to the noise of earthquake and battle—year after year—till they came to a place where the foundations of a great empire were laid, (an empire spreading from shore to shore,) not, as he may suppose, by the light of squibs and crackers, to the sound of three-penny whistles, pewter trumpets, or ivory castanets; but with prayer and worship: here, by the light of a rejoicing sky, crowded with stars, or blazing with broad, clear sunshine; there, to the noise of great bells in the earth, or cannon, or heavy thunder, perhaps—in the dead of night—or the loud roaring of the sea.

Cooper has done much, although he has done it, like a boy, without well knowing what he was about. He has broken up a new quarry; or broken his way *to* it, rather—a quarry which will never be exhausted; a quarry, which, till the "Spy" appeared in his country, had never been approached, or disturbed.—He touched a spring, while he was half asleep, one day, rolling about, in the great unvisited store-house of North American riches; over-wearied with playing marbles there, in the hot sunshine of public favour, with a people gazing at him, a whole nation, for spectators.

The touch electrified him—he was unprepared for it. He started up, “thrilling to the bone”—half crazy with astonishment, while the rocky doors flew open, with a great noise. He could not endure the sound, or the sight; so he ran off—scampered away—cleared out, like Aladdin; freighted with treasure, accidentally gathered in a fit of childish curiosity—wealth plucked, by handfuls—huge, overgrown jewelry, which he mistook, one day, for a strange fruit, another for stained glass. But although Mr. Cooper was not aware of the value of that which he carried away, for a while, nor of that which he left behind, others were; others, who caught a glimpse of the brief, bright, momentary, hap-hazard revelation; others, who are at work now; others, who will not be interfered with.

Mr. Cooper himself has gone back, after a long interval, for another peep. It is too late for him though; he is the day after the fair. He has taken too much breath; lost a great deal too much time. Those who are now at work, will not be frightened away by noise, or flurried by any thing. They will go deep—very deep—into the very foundations of that, which they have begun to explore.

Let him have praise for the “*SPY*,” because a part of the story was American, though most of the characters were not; being either Irish, or English, or nothing; yea,—though he did venture to make George Washington play bo-peep with a pretty girl; between two great armies, both of which were sadly in want of him; after night-fall, too, on the “neutral ground,” which was eternally overrun by the British; yea,—though Mr. Cooper did set the mighty rebel down, like a good boy, to study geography, with a map of the world before him—on the top of a huge mountain—altogether alone—at night—with about fifteen or twenty thousand people, on the lookout for him, if he stirred or winked; yea—yea—though Mr. Cooper did leave him, for a great while, gossiping with a tory—under a fictitious name, too—in disguise—alone—away and afar from all hope, or chance of relief or escape. Think of that! George Washington; the rebel commander-in-chief—playing a part—and such a part—in such a place, at such a time.

So; let him have all praise for the “*SPY*,” in spite of this, and a heap more of like absurdity, which we might gather from it, and fill up to overshadow him—if such employment were worthy of us; or if he were not a favourite with all, who candidly appreciate his power; and of course, therefore, with ourself. The book was, at least, an approach to what we desire—a plain, real, hearty, North American story; a story, which, if we could have our way, should be altogether American—peculiarly and exclusively so, throughout; as much American, to say all, in a word, as the Scotch Novels are Scotch: Let him have great praise; for, to give him his due, the “*SPY*” did, in truth, spy out a new empire for his countrymen; riches and power, in a new shape; a world of generous ore, which only requires to be wrought—having been smelted,

with subterranean fires, half a century ago, while the nations above were asleep.

He did much, though it was by accident; as we have said before, and will continue to say; for, if he had known the value of that mine, which he blundered upon, while searching for base plebeian earth, (a little cash,) would he have gone away, and left others to work it? or would he have staid away so long? or would he have gone back to it now, with such a doubtful air, and such a sad mis-giving of the heart?

The example of Mr. Cooper—or the discoveries rather, which were made by the “Spx,” in that unvisited region of story, in the new world—its warlike history—were not lost upon others. Many have grown wiser by reason thereof: some with, and a multitude without, courage, nerve, and vigour. Several are at work now; and, we are told of one, the very latchet of whose shoe, when he treads the soil of North America, over the great pathway of rebellion, Cooper were not worthy to loose. In truth, it were downright sacrilege for Mr. Cooper to meddle with such unwieldy, prodigious machinery. He cannot move it; or, if he should—if he were to succeed—if he were to put a portion of it in play, by some lucky touch, while he was patiently feeling about among the foundations of a world, (as if he had found his way into a toy-shop, at blindman’s buff, while the owner was asleep,) the noise would frighten him out of his wits, we do believe.

Yet Mr. Cooper is now there. He has “rushed in, where angels fear to tread;” gone barefooted, perhaps; or slipshod; set off, without preparation, to visit a place where the spirit of revolution broke loose, fifty years ago, tearing his way, from shore to shore, and from sea to sea, like an earthquake; a place, to which Goliath himself could not go, without wading up to his middle in hot ashes, and lifting a passage for himself, through a world of rubbish—overthrown pillars, and imperial wreck; a place to which no dwarf will ever penetrate—ever—ever—though he wear sandals of brass, or go, with brazen panoply complete; or seek for immortality, after the fashion of those, who leap into the fire, when there is no other way to obtain it.

Of the characters which are brought forth in this “Legend of thirteen provinces,” a word or two; and but a word or two. The chief, Job Pray, is a changeling, a sort of idiot, (a very bad copy, too,) a fool, who talks better by half, than the people of sense about him; and is always applied to, by the hero, whenever he lacks either advice or information, political or religious. “Old Nab is pretty well. The story has no sort of interest, although it concerns a period which has no parallel in history; the breaking out of the revolutionary war at Boston, Massachusetts Bay, where a few grave men got up a rebellion, very much as if it were a matter of serious duty; a period of terrible interest, if it were talked about in a worthy fashion.

The females are, as heretofore, with Mr. Cooper, nice, tidy,

pretty-behaved women, who hold up their heads, keep their elbows back—run about in a stately way, and talk very much like a book; never *going out*, or *coming in*, but “flying,” or “gliding,” or disappearing, or vanishing—“furtively.”

The Battle of Lexington, though, is well done. So is that of Bunker Hill—properly Breed’s Hill. Parts of two or three scenes, which have little or no business where they are; with five or six incidents rather out of keeping (like that of the shadowy arms, overspreading the church roof,) are very good—even capital. Three or four of the revolutionary characters are touched off pretty well—not very sharply, to be sure, but so, as to be known.—The tavern-keeper at Boston, while he is taking security for his furniture—is very good, very. Washington (who is come to be the butt of almost every whippersnapper now), luckily for Mr. Cooper, does not appear at all in this book, though a trumpet is blown several times, to put us on our good behaviour. But why the mischief are we so repeatedly warned of his approach, and prepared for it, as in that passage, where the hero is on his way to Cambridge—leaving his bride on her wedding night—who, on earth, can tell us wherefore?

Sir William Howe, Sir Henry Clinton, Burgoyne, Earl Percy, and a few others on the royal side, are sketched—awkwardly enough; but we value the sketches, bad as they are, because we know that Mr. Cooper is indebted for them to the good people of Massachusetts, where the war broke out; and Charles Lee, though out of place, and rather out of drawing, is well done—pretty well done, we should say. (See BLACKWOOD’S for a sketch of Lee, Jan. 1825, p. 68.)

“Polworth” is a character made of nine characters out of ten are lately made. He says the same thing, over and over again. Why not paste a label on his forehead, or write a phrase on his back—that were about as well; if, to do a foolish thing fifty times over, be enough to constitute a *character*.

“Ralph” is nobody. He is an after-thought, we guess; a sort of interlineation; a bit of running accompaniment of mystery and surprise—like the “Spy” himself, without meaning or probability. What business had Ralph with a map, at night, in a deserted house? Answer: because George Washington, the only hero that Mr. Cooper ever undertook before, had a map in his part (which map was very well received) in a similar situation—at night—on the top of a mountain. But why had George Washington a *map* there? Answer: because Mr. Cooper was a midshipman of the United States navy; and because all the great men that he had ever seen—suitably occupied in a time of great peril, had always a *chart* before them. Ralph, therefore, in the deserted house—at night; and George Washington, therefore, at night, on the top of a high mountain, are—bless your heart—only two captains in the United States navy, on a lee shore.

The great fault of Mr. Cooper; or a great fault with him, is

this. He wants courage to describe that which he sees; to record that, as it is—that, which he has power enough to see, as it is. The people of his book, with two or three exceptions, talk too well; too much alike, wherever he wishes to make them appear well bred. He is afraid of his dignity, perhaps; afraid if he make an idiot behave like an idiot, or talk like one, that he himself,—he Mr. Cooper, may be thought one; afraid, if he put bad grammar into the mouths of people, who, as every body knows, talk nothing else, in real life, that he himself may be charged with bad grammar. We are sorry for this. It is a great error; but one which we hope to see done away with on every side, before long—every where—by every body. Truth, whatever people may say, truth is not vulgarity; nor is untruth refinement. A few years ago, it was the fashion for Greeks to show off on the boards of our theatre, in the garb of Englishmen; or, at any rate, in the common tragedy garb of the house: Kemble appeared, and we have now remarkable truth, in dress. A few years ago it was the fashion for heroes to spout, or declaim; it is now the fashion to talk there. A few years ago, it was the fashion to dress the great men of this empire, whenever they were painted or sculptured, in the absurd habiliments of a Roman—absurd, we say, when adopted for such a purpose by such a people as the British. West appeared—Benjamin West; and you meet with historical paintings at every step now; noble pictures, and superb statuary, in the garb of truth. Let a Kemble, or a Kean, or a West appear in the world of literature, and we shall see men talk on paper as they talk every where else.

3. MEMOIRS OF CHARLES BROCKDEN BROWN.*—We never heard of this work, till a few days ago. But, having read it, we begin to believe, that we spoke, the other day, somewhat more sharply than we should, of American apathy, concerning the genius of Brown. This Mr. Dunlop, we suspect, was the author of a life, of George Frederick Cooke, in America; a very decent affair (the book, we mean); with two or three comedies—or plays—or serious farces—or something else, of which we have but a very imperfect recollection; yet, such as we have, is in their favour. Brown's Life was written—we rather guess—for Mr. Colburn's library; wherefore the nice little puff, some years ago, in the New Monthly. Bating the criticism of Mr. D., which is bad enough, and takes up a good share of the book; bating another part of it—which we regard as a capital specimen of sober, serious, *chrononhotonthology*—with a tedious good-for-nothing essay or two—and a few letters not worth reading—the book is a pretty good sort of a book: that is—of the whole 337 pages octavo, about eighty or a hundred—small duodecimo—would be worth reading,—and yet, we are not sorry for having waded over the whole. It has been of great use, to *ourselves*; it has enabled us to correct several errors, of time or fact, or both, into which we have been led of late, while

* MEMOIRS OF CHARLES BROCKDEN BROWN. By William Dunlop. Colburn, 1822. 1 vol. 8vo.

inquiring about poor Brown. By this *LIFE*, we perceive that he was born Jan. 17, 1771; that he died (we know not where, by the book; but we suppose, in Philadelphia)—Feb. 22, 1810; that he was, therefore, 39, at his death; that he was educated for the bar (like most of the chief writers, and all the chief statesmen of North America)—that, beside the books, which we enumerated, (see vol. XVI. p. 421,) he was the author of two political pamphlets, of great value; many papers, which we forget, with pleasure; a system of geography (incomplete)—was editor of the *AMERICAN REGISTER*, (a work of real worth,) five volumes of which were completed under his own eye; that he was in Philadelphia, during the yellow fever of ninety-three; but that his attack happened at New York, in 1798; that his novels were written, at New York, where he established a Magazine or two; that he wrote with remarkable rapidity; that several of his stories were under way, all at the same time; that *CARWIN* was the first, *written*; *ALCUIN* (a fragment) the first, *published*: that his tales appeared in the following order—Wieland, Ormond, Arthur Mervyn, Edgar Huntly, Clara Howard (published here first, under the title of Philip Stanley), Jane Talbot (published here, in 1804); that he was not married, till after the novels were written, so that his wife could not have helped him in them, however she might have assisted, in the Magazines, Pamphlets, or Register; and that his children were boys—twins.

4. *JOHN BULL IN AMERICA*.^{*}—A very clever, saucy, ill-tempered book; with a deal of snappish rough satire in it; much biting truth; and a sort of laboured cross-humour, at which you cannot help laughing, bitter and surly as it is; ungraceful and wicked as it is—wicked, we say; because, of a truth, it is very malicious—angry—spiteful. A very large part of it is a caricature—and a very happy one, too, of the absurd accounts which are given about America, the American habits, language, vices, institutions, &c. &c., by that class of writers, who come under the title—God forgive us—of “British travellers in America;” a set of chaps who have done more mischief, and sowed more evil, rancorous thought, between two great proud nations—forty times over, than all the war, in which they have encountered each other.

The design of the book is well enough—or might be forgiven, at any rate, in such a case; but the execution is bad—bad, because it is not cheerful enough; bad, because you see the bitterness of private feeling at the bottom of all the sharp truth, which appears.

We like the system of decided retaliation. Hard knocks, for us—no “pelting with roses.” There is glory in beating a stout man; little or no disgrace, if we are beaten by him. We are willing to give—or take—as the case may require—an eye for an eye; or a tooth for a tooth—in our way; but we would have all prejudice, and private personal animosity, kept clear off, while a man is pull-

^{*} *JOHN BULL IN AMERICA*. London. Miller, 1825. 12mo.

ing the tooth, or "gouging" the eyes of a whole nation; that is—if *we* made an attack upon a people, because that people, or a part of their understrappers, had wronged our people, or a part of our understrappers, we should be very careful to make it, in such a way, that our indignation would appear to be roused, not for ourselves, but for our country; or, at least, for our countrymen. It should *appear* so—as a matter of policy, whether it was, or was not, so; for truth itself—the truth of a superior being, would be doubted, if it were known that he had a direct personal view, in promulgating it.

Wherefore, we should say that Paulding has overshot his mark. In every page of this volume, which would appear, or should appear, to be the patriotic, generous, brave, praise-worthy undertaking of a good fellow, ripe for mischief, or frolic—or both—in behalf, not of himself, or his own dirty quarrel, but of a great nation, afar off,—in every page or two, at every turn, where you are wholly unprepared for it—wholly—there starts up a phrase, or a flourish, which puts you upon asking, why the devil he is for ever going out of the way, for a back-handed slap at the Quarterly Review. Then, of course, the game is up—the murder is out. For, when it is well understood, by the readers of "JOHN BULL IN AMERICA," that it is written by the reputed author of "OLD ENGLAND BY A NEW ENGLAND MAN," which was reviewed, in a very bad way, by the Quarterly; when this truth comes to be understood by them, how much will they care for the rubbing up of John Bull, in America?—not a fig.

5. THE REFUGEE.*—The greater part of this work is insupportably tedious. It is written, we should suppose, by one, who has a great reputation for grave humour—in some village, of America. And yet, if the writer will—he may, in our opinion, write a much better story than Cooper ever did, or ever can. We had no idea of this when we took up the Refugee; nor when we had ploughed half through it—for ploughing it was, in truth; but such is our deliberate opinion, our fixed belief, now.

The author has poetry in him.—Cooper has not. For example: he says, (Refugee, vol. I. 280.)—"Where the sun first throws his beams on the *grassy* side of a *grassy* knoll, diving among the flowers to *disenthrall* a violet,"—&c. Is that poetry, or is it not?

His portrait of Washington is admirable, for truth; and so, indeed, are the greater part of his brief sketches. Try him on another tack. "Master Gil," he says—(we quote him here, for his familiar words, not for his poetry)—"Master Gil was a healthy urchin of four, as noisy as sin, and as brown as a berry. You might hear him of (*on*) a clear afternoon, the distance of half a mile, hallooing to the birds, as they winged their way to the mountains, for their evening nap. He was known by every person for ten miles round, as he seldom suffered a well-conditioned nag to pass,

* THE REFUGEE. New York, 1825. Wilder and Campbell, 2 vols. 12mo: London, 3 vols. 12mo. (Newman?)

without an attempt to purchase him; and, where the housings and trappings were gay, detaining him, *vi et armis*, by the bridle,"—"With a copper clenched in his fist."—Very trivial as that sketch is, we value it; for it must have been copied from life.

But, in justification of what we say, let us give another passage. It is a capital scene; altogether characteristic. Ethan Allen was an atrocious outlaw, a brave bad man, who, without any authority, raised a troop of white savages, like himself, soon after the breaking out of the revolutionary war in America; and went up against Quebec. He failed, of course—after enduring incredible fatigue and hardship; was taken prisoner, and packed off to this country for trial—as a traitor. On the passage, he exhibited so many feats of strength, and such desperate rash impiety, that every creature on board was afraid of him; and afraid, for the ship. One day, being unable to reach the captain, who called Washington a traitor—as the story goes—Allen bit a piece out of a glass tumbler, chewed it up, and spat it in his face. He was very profane. Every other word was an oath; and yet his oaths were all his own—characterized by a sort of terrible humour. "I would have all hell boiled down to a bucket full," said he, one day, "and make every Tory on earth swallow a wine-glass of it; and as for Lord North—I hope to see him there yet, with the door locked, the key lost, and a board over the chimney." He had the reputation of being bullet proof; and here, we shall take the liberty of making a short extract from a manuscript, in our possession, by way of showing what Allen was, before we give the passage that we have in view, from the Refugee.

"It was in the heat of summer. Allen was riding through a piece of open wood, or pine barren, as they call it there, with a score or two of his red and white savages behind. While they were on their way, a thunder cloud came up; and several huge trees within sight of them were struck. The followers of this old reprobate were frightened, and took to the wood; but he sat still, cursing and swearing, and bawling after them to come back, and he'd show 'em a bit o' clear stuff; he'd show 'em that he wasn't afraid of the Evil One himself; not he—being thunder proof, as well as bullet proof. While he was hallooing after them—the sturdy old blasphemer, and calling them all the bad names that he could lay his tongue to,—crash!—crack!—whizz!—down came the thunder and lightning, all in a heap together, upon a tree, not more than six or eight yards off, and shivered it into a thousand pieces. 'Very well done!' cried he; 'very well done, I swar!' reining up, and heaving out his broad chest, very much as if he were on parade, reviewing a troop of invisible sharp-shooters,—'Very well, faith an' wax! what if yer try a pull o' that are button wood tree, yonder? That'll work your hide for yer, I guess."

"The words were hardly out of his mouth, when lo! a tremendous clap of thunder broke over his head; and a stream of lightning

struck the tree; tore it up by the roots, filled the air with leaves and dust, and fired all the bushes about.

"'Hourraw for you!' cried Allen; 'hourraw for you! Dawn harnsom that, by the great Gawsh of Jacop!' heaving himself up in the saddle, throwing his head back, so that all might see him brave the Destroyer, and smiting his broad iron chest, with all his power, till it rung like the solid rock: 'Dawn harnsom, by Gawsh! maybe ye'd like to try old Ethan, arter that?'"

Now for the picture of this man, as we meet with it in "The Refugee," where the hero encounters the old wretch in prison.

"'By the pillar of fire!' cried he (Allen)—'By the pillar of fire, here is a fresh victim!'"

"'How do you know that, sir?' asked Gilbert.

"'Because,' answered the *Verdmont* (Vermont), 'you have a ruddy cheek, a shaved lip, and a tattered garment. All these, by the Bulls of Bashan, get leave of absence hell-fired quick from these regions, let me tell you, friend; unless, to be sure, among the king's officers.'

"'I was brought in a prisoner last night, sir.'

"'Name?—say.'

"'Gilbert Greaves.'

"'Son of the Brigadier? But no, he's a Tory.'

"'Yes, sir; son of the Brigadier.'

"'God's firelock! you don't say so? Father against the son, and son against the father. Evidence for the prophets; say?—Ha, ha; a good thought.'

"'Bitter disunion, sir; and a sundering of the bonds of natural affection,' replied Gilbert.

"'That there is,' said Allen; 'but I am sorry you are here. You had better be on Mount Etna, whipping sillabubs of brimstone for the devil's dessert, than to be in this abode of hypocrites and Iscariots. *Entre nous*, I tell you, sir, this is an abominably blasphemous place; a Sodom, whereupon I pray that God may rain fire and brimstone; provided he do it shortly.'

Allen afterwards inquired how he was taken—'whether fighting or sleeping, say?'

"'Oh, I did not come here without hard tugging, I assure you, sir,' answered Greaves.

"'Nor I, neither; by the Twelve Mischief Makers,' said the strong-lunged colonel. 'I fought—by the by—my name is Ethan Allen—surprised, hey?—hope to be better known to you, sir.—Yes, I am he, known at Ticonderoga and elsewhere, for the damndest—but, I never brag. I fought the Britons, in that last business, two hours, bating sixteen minutes and the snap of a musket. I peppered Carden, and that rascally counter-jumping, quill-driving Tatterson, besides ten or twelve others, with my own hand. But we were overpowered, friend, fairly overpowered. I had men, sir, that, toe to toe, would have taken thunder alive.'

What signifies valour like mine, d——n my eyes, when your foes are ten to your one?"

"I believe you are a Hampshire Grant's man, sir?" said Gilbert, growing a little curious to know something more of this singular and eccentric being.

"Ay am I, but not by birth. Born in old Connecticut, upon a d—d fine January morning; hence my valour. The British know that Ethan Allen never flinches; that, give him elbow room, and the Green mountain boys will follow him, as a flock of sheep, the belwether. That's why they won't exchange me."

"Will they not exchange you?" asked Gilbert.

"Won't they exchange me, ask you? Sooner exchange one of the vials of wrath, if they had it, for a Dutch crucible. They might, perhaps, offer me as an equivalent, for Stoney Point or Fort Washington; nothing less than that, I assure you."

"They estimate your prowess at a very high rate," said Gilbert.

"That they do. I am offered a regiment, if I will wheel about. May the earthquakes of damnation light upon them, for the attempt to seduce an honest man from his duty. See, sir! They think I am preaching treason to you. Good bye; I must keep out of the way of that pike-staff."

There; from that passage alone do we argue, so true is it, and so vigorous, though other parts, and large parts too, of the book, are very stupid—from that passage alone, do we argue the possession of a power, in the writer of this book; a stout, original power, too, which if it be worthily encouraged, properly trained for a while, and seriously put forth, may add much to the proud character of his country, in a new way. He is a lawyer, we perceive—but he may be a very good man for all that; and after a time, perhaps, may assist in wiping away the reproach, that now adheres to the profession of law, even there, in America, where the greater part of their popular writers were brought up to the bar.

Perhaps we see that promise, which another would not see, in this book; but, such is our opinion, such, our assured belief and hope—religious hope, we might say; for nothing, after all, spreads the fame of a people so fast, or so far, as their literature.

The portrait of Paul Jones; the brave, sinewy, rough Scot, is well done;—well done, we say—not because of any parade of language, or thought, or any especial dramatic force, or showy situation, but because, to our knowledge, it is truth itself, so far as it goes.

We meet with real humour, two or three times—not more—in the book. For example, "They brought me a dish of pork and pease," quoth somebody; "the pork bearing about the same relation to the pease, that Alcibiades's estate bore to Attica." And we meet also with a few prodigious anachronisms. Thus, in the year 1776, people are talking about "Belcher" handkerchiefs, "Sykes and Niblo" (two tavern-keepers, recently up, in the city

of New-York;) "Purdy and Eclipse" (the one a jockey, the other a horse—of 1822—the winners of a great race, which the people of New York are eternally bragging about;) wherefore do we conclude, that, besides being a lawyer, the author of this book is a New-Yorker—(but he can't help that, we dare say.) The "Duke of York's Moses," (no match for their Eclipse, the New-Yorkers believe)—Dr. Kitchener; and we know not what else.

But we have other charges to prefer. He keeps Sir Henry Clinton out of the battle at Brooklyn heights; and lugs him in—"just arrived"—when the catastrophe is nigh. Yet Clinton was a leader in that very battle. Again, this author, who is quite remarkable for his attention to historical truth, makes Lee appear at the table of Washington, while he was eight hundred miles off. Lee did not arrive in the north from Savannah, till Oct. 14, 1776; yet Washington's letter speaks of poor Greaves, the hero, as having entered the rebel service, in the month of September; and we find, that Greaves, the said hero, saw Lee the first day of his arrival, in the American camp. This would be a trifle, not worth mentioning; but for the ostentatious and obtrusive accuracy of the author. So too, in the battle; he is quite mistaken about several matters. Washington did not leave the roads, nor any road, without protection. So too, in a new book (*BROTHER JONATHAN*), which is now on our table, the author, who is remarkable for his attention to historical truth, reports a short conversation, which *did* take place, between Franklin and Washington; but reports it, as having occurred *before* the battle on Long Island, when, in fact, it occurred *after* that battle; and was brought on, by overtures, made by the British, in consequence of that battle.

In "The Refugee" and in "Brother Jonathan," we observe, altogether unlike as they are, in style, purpose, thought, and character, a description of the very same battle (that of Flatbush); the very same disgraceful skirmish (that of Kipp's Bay), with two or three incidents—the deserters' behaviour—the escape of Washington—part of a military execution, &c. &c.

Both writers have erred, we think, while portraying the terrible scenes of that war—a civil war, in fact; erred, by not showing, in a few words, the amazing disproportion which existed between the rebel and royal armies. Howe had 37,000 men, at one time; while Washington had only 19,000, (the greater part militia,) in such a state of insubordination, that officers were tried for assuming the badges of rank, to which they were not entitled; and so wretchedly provided for a season of war, that, on a return (to give one example out of a score, which might be given)—that on a return being made by order of Congress, from the hospital department, which had received a full share of attention, it appeared that, in fifteen regiments, for the use of fifteen surgeons, and fifteen mates, there were only six sets, for amputation; two, for trepanning; fifteen cases, for the pocket; seventy-five crooked, and six straight needles; four incision knives; and three pair of forceps, for extracting

balls; and that, even these, were private property, and in a very bad state.

How deplorable must have been the true condition of a great army, the hospital department of which was so wretchedly provided for the calamities of war! A single fact of this nature, without any pomp of diction to give it value and weight, is worth a volume of poetry, narrative, and eloquent, or beautiful exaggeration, to prove the awful devotedness which *did* characterise the armies of liberty, in the New World, while engaged in the struggle for independence.

6. NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.*—This journal—a stout, serious, quarterly paper, too learned by half, and much too wise, hitherto, for the people of this earth—was got up nearly thirteen years ago, by the teachers of New-England-ism at Harvard University,—a college, three miles out of Boston, Massachusetts, where the chief scholarship of North America is gathered, as about a nucleus; and where all the Yankee teachers are confederated, as it were, beneath one roof,—a body of wise men, who pursue light-horse, a twelvemonth after a charge, with two-and-forty pounders; forage, with mortars; and skirmish, with elephants.

It lumbered away for about six years, doing little good, and less harm, without being heard of, or cared for, when it was heard of; took a new shape then—threw off a part of its ponderous armour; began to be of use; and after two or three revolutions, for profit sake, “from grave to gay, from lively to severe,” has come to be, all at once, very much the sort of thing, which is wanted for this age, among the people of North America.

We have kept our eye upon it, for a long while, as the best record, within our reach, of the administration there, in matters of deep and lively import, of serious and great value, to mankind. We have thought highly of it, and spoken highly of it, more than once; although it bore the unwieldy, pawing, heavy gibes, and rough, back-handed love pats of the Edinburgh, much too long, we thought; and submitted, rather too meekly, year after year, to the kicks and cuffs, thumps and buffets, of the Quarterly, which, to say the least of them, were always given with hearty good will, in the shape of a declared foe;—in spite of all this unworthy forbearance, we have thought highly of the North American Review, believing it a work, which, if it were righteously employed, in the United States, would be of great use in promoting the welfare of that country, and of this.

We were glad, when we saw it open a broadside upon the Quarterly, not long ago; for the Quarterly deserved it, in truth: but we are much afraid, now, from what we observe in the pages of this Number, much afraid, we confess, that it will now go too far, and, from being altogether backward in quarrel, become rash, hot, and

* NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, No. XLVII. April, 1825. Boston, (New England,) Cummings and Hilliard: London, John Miller.

fiery—talkative, perhaps. We perceive two or three indications of a bad, boyish temper, in this, worth rebuking.

Hostility should be met, and was met, as we have already seen, toe to toe; but why should hostility continue, when the aggression is over?—Why these new blows at the Quarterly?—And why these out-of-the-way flings at the Edinburgh?

We do not wonder much at the North American, though, after all, when we consider the case, for betraying a little more spite and bitterness toward the Edinburgh. It is much easier to forgive a foe, after he has wrought mischief to us, than a friend. The abuse of the Quarterly was bad enough; but praise from the Edinburgh, who *could* endure? A tough battle it were easy enough to forget, or forgive; but who can forget or forgive such regard, as that of the Edinburgh, for North America?—Fondling, which laid all her ribs bare? Kissing, which took the skin off? Toying, which

"Poor America might feel
Through triple bars of brass or steel?"

Or love, which made a suit of armour necessary, if she lay down for a nap? A blow from the Quarterly, she could put up with—a blow of the foot, we mean, of course, after the fashion of the Quarterly; but a hug from the Edinburgh would have been, or might have been, fatal—a caress, death. In a word, if you will, the unkindness of the Quarterly was that of one, who teaches you to fight, by continual outrage; makes you formidable, in spite of your teeth, by reiterated, rough, and brutal provocation; while the kindness of the Edinburgh was like that of the bear in the fable. Wishing to brush off the fly, he brushed off a nose with it. We do not wonder so much, therefore, at any especial inveteracy of the North American toward the Edinburgh; but still, we should say, now—Enough; enough. Stop where you are. You have gone quite far enough—too far, indeed; for you are now guilty of those very things, which you complained of in the Quarterly and Edinburgh. You have now said of a great people, that which is wicked, foolish, and absolutely untrue, because you are out of temper with a book; that which, you must have known, or should have known, to be untrue, even while you said it, and that which, if it were true, should not have been said where you have said it, nor when you have said it, nor without much provocation. You might as well have uttered it, from the desk, on the Sabbath day, as in this North American Review—and you know it. You have thrown out rash political sarcasms. You have abused all parties, here. Do not persuade yourself, by the way, that you are impartial, because you are abused, by all parties here, in reply. You have sneered about a national church. You have grown saucy, as you have grown popular. Having been praised for your spirit, we fear, about a twelvemonth ago; having obtained a few subscribers, where you dreaded losing a few, by your flourish at the Quarterly, you have begun to make a business of it; and are now flourishing away, in

every other page, at one thing or another of this country. This may do for a time, perhaps; but, in the long run, it will prove a bad game—a bad “spec”—it won’t “pay well.” In short, you have grown scurrilous, impertinent—overbearing—to the full extent of your courage and capacity. You are personal, too; and you have gone aside, here, *here*, in this very paper, two or three times, for the purpose of insulting a nation. Your North American Review is a work of power; of great power. It is a work of authority; and, if we are not very careful, it may be a work of great mischief. All this, we should say, and all this we do say, of this April Number, from which we are now going to select a few passages, in justification of ourselves, and of our observations.

First. In a paper, purporting to be the review of a good American story—(a clever article, though much too long, about a very clever book,* it appears)—the writer says, “If he (an American author) is not satisfied with indigenous virtue, he may take for the model of his characters, men, of whom the *old world is not worthy*, and whom it has cast out from its bosom.” Well enough that, so far; but he goes on to say, that “if he (the American author) finds himself in need of a class of men more stupid and degraded than are to be found among the natives of the United States, here are *crowds* of the wretched peasantry of Great Britain and Germany, flying for refuge from intolerable suffering, *in every vessel that comes to our shores*.” Pretty well that, faith! *Crowds, in every vessel*. With what face will the North American Review complain of the Quarterly now, for adopting the report of such people as Fearon?

Pass we over the review of BUTLER’S REMINISCENCES, which is well enough, to be sure; and a long paper, about Spanish America, headed “INSURRECTION OF TUPAC AMARU”—a capital thing, nevertheless; an article, under the general head of MODERN ASTRONOMY, subdivided, however, into several parts, every one of which is treated with singular perspicuity and vigour; the review of a work by Miss HANNAH ADAMS, (see BLACKWOOD, Nov. 1824, p. 560,) called LETTERS ON THE GOSPELS, which review, done as it is, in the way of trade—or, at least, of the shop—is very fair; passing over all these, and over the VINDICATION OF COUNT PULASKI, which is a proud paper, and a very generous paper, creditable, in every way, to the North American Review, and to the editor thereof, (see PULASKI, BLACKWOOD, JAN. 1825, p. 68,) we come to a masterly treatise upon the CODE NAPOLEON; a treatise, however, wherein we find a passage or two, which we look upon as a great reproach to this Number—nay, as a disgrace to the whole work; and as likely to excite a bitter prejudice every where against the character of it. “In a form a little modified, the condition of every prince in Europe is the same,” says this writer, p. 394. “There is not one of the leading sovereigns, who

* REDWOOD, republished by John Miller, London.

could reign a day, without his standing army. *Without the horse-guards, London itself would not be habitable.*" There! there!—that appears in the North American Review; a paper established, in a paroxysm of righteous hope, in a fit of indignant valour, for the protection of good men,—a great people, an abused people, against the absurd, eternal, atrocious calumnies of bad men, over sea; a proud bulwark of truth, for one hemisphere; a perpetual, though quiet rebuke; a lofty, grave example for the other. What shall we say of such a story? Foolish though it be, it is not a thing to laugh at. We look upon it as very serious, for such a paper as the North American Review, to say that, somewhere about a million—perhaps twelve or thirteen hundred thousand people, are kept in order by a troop, who are never seen or heard of, by the multitude. Why, there is a single parish in London,—that of St. Mary-la-Bonne, (or, as they call it here, Marrow-bone-parish,) the inhabitants of which could eat up the horse-guards, horses and all, for breakfast. Well may the people of this country laugh at the wisdom of that, when they find such idle trash in the chief journal of America.

This, however, is not all; for the writer believes it (any body can see that); and what is more, the editor believes it, or he would not have permitted such a thing to appear. Both of these are clever men; both, men of authority; and both, we believe, honest, good men. Both, at any rate, are so regarded in America. And if so, what may not be said, and what may not be credited, hereafter, in that country, concerning this.

We did hope for a better example, in such matters, from the new world. We did hope for great moderation; for wisdom and power; for truth and soberness, whatever else there might be, in the North American Review, after it fell into the hands of Mr. Sparks (a Unitarian preacher, who bought up the work on speculation); we did hope, that, after a while, an American would be sure to find that, in every page, if he took it up, among a strange people, that, which would make his heart leap; that, which would make him feel proud of his country—as proud, as if her great war-flag were unfurled, in a desert, over him; that which—or that, upon the truth of which, he would be willing to put his life.—But how would such a man—a man, full of hope, and full of pride—a man, who would sooner die than do aught unworthy of his country—a man, who knows that if we dislike a person, we dislike the land—so far—which gave that person birth; while, if we like a person, we like his country; a man, who knows that our chief prejudice against every people proceeds from our acquaintance with some individual of that people;—a man, who knows all this, feels it, and acts accordingly, how would he bear to meet with such a passage, in such a book, among the cities of Europe? Would he not as lief see the flag of his country—the war-flag thereof, dishonoured?

By the way, while reviewing two late orations of Professor Ely,

rett, (formerly editor of this very N. A. Review—See BLACKWOOD, Nov. 1825, 570,) somebody, (Mr. Sparks himself, no doubt,) indulges Mr. Southey, in a good-natured way, with a palpable hit. We give the passage, "But what shall we say," quoth Mr. Sparks, "what shall we say of the present Poet-Laureate of England? He continues to dream dreams and see sights; to indite ominous presages and scatter his portentous forebodings about America, with as much pertinacity as ever, and with as much apparent ignorance of the principles of our government, and the organization of our society. A twelvemonth has just elapsed since this sagacious politician suggested several important changes in our constitution, without which, he is convinced, the whole system of American republics must come to a speedy end, and the people be left in a deplorable state of mental and moral degradation. And what do our readers imagine these reforms to be, which are to save our republican institutions from perils so threatening? No other, indeed, than a gradation of ranks; hereditary titles and wealth, and a Church establishment! These are the salutary appendages that Mr. Southey, in his wisdom, recommends as the necessary safeguards to our liberty, right morals, and religion, which he says are fast decaying, and fears will soon be extinct. His modesty, it may be presumed, prevented his adding one thing more as requisite to the good government, virtue, and happiness of these United States; and that is a Poet-Laureate."—Very fair. N.

SELECTED FOR THE MUSEUM.

WORDSWORTH—MRS. HEMANS—JOANNA BAILLIE,—L. E. L.—

MRS. TIGHE.

Noctes Ambrosianæ.

Christopher North.—Wordsworth often writes like an idiot; and never more so than when he said of Milton, "his soul was like a star, and dwelt apart!" For it dwelt in tumult, and mischief, and rebellion. Wordsworth is, in all things, the reverse of Milton—a good man, and a bad poet.

Timothy Tickler.—What!—That Wordsworth whom Maga cries up as the Prince of Poets?

North.—Be it so; I must humour the fancies of some of my friends. But had that man been a great poet, he would have produced a deep and lasting impression on the mind of England; whereas his verses are becoming less and less known every day, and he is, in good truth, already one of the illustrious obscure.

Tickler.—I never thought him more than a very ordinary man—with some imagination, certainly, but with no grasp of understanding, and apparently little acquainted with the history of his

kind. Good Heavens! to compare such a writer with Scott and Byron!

North.—And yet, with his creed, what might not a great poet have done?—That the language of poetry is but the language of strong human passion!—That in the great elementary principles of thought and feeling, common to all the race, the subject matter of poetry is to be sought and found!—That enjoyment and suffering, as they wring and crush, or expand and elevate, men's hearts, are the sources of song!—And what, pray, has he made out of this true and philosophical creed?—A few ballads, (pretty at the best,) two or three moral fables, some natural description of scenery, and half a dozen narratives of common distress or happiness. Not one single character has he created—not one incident—not one tragical catastrophe. He has thrown no light on man's estate here below; and Crabbe, with all his defects, stands immeasurably above Wordsworth as the Poet of the Poor.

Tickler.—Good. And yet the youngsters, in that absurd Magazine of yours, set him up to the stars as their idol, and kiss his very feet, as if the toes were of gold.

North.—Well, well; let them have their own way awhile. I confess that the "Excursion" is the worst poem, of any character, in the English language. It contains about two hundred sonorous lines, some of which appear to be fine, even in the sense, as well as the sound. The remaining 7300 are quite ineffectual. Then what labour the builder of that lofty rhyme must have undergone! It is, in its own way, a small Tower of Babel, and all built by a single man!

Tickler.—Wipe your forehead, North; for it is indeed a most perspiring thought. I do not know whether my gallantry blinds me, but I prefer much of the female to the male poetry of the day.

There is Joanna Baillie. Is there not more genius, passion, poetry, in the tragedy of Count Basil, than in any book of Wordsworth?

North.—Ten times.

Tickler.—There is Mrs. Hemans. Too fond, certes, is she of prattling about Greece and Rome, and of being classical, which no lady can hope to be who has never been at one of the English public schools, and sat upon the fifth form. But is there not often a rich glow of imagery in her compositions, fine feelings and fancies, and an unconstrained and even triumphant flow of versification which murmurs poetry?

North.—There is.

Tickler.—Is not L. E. L. a child of genius, as well as of the Literary Gazette; and does she not throw over her most impassioned strains of love and rapture a delicate and gentle spirit, from the recesses of her own pure and holy woman's heart?

North.—She does.

Tickler.—And was not Tighe an angel, if ever there was one

on earth, beautiful, airy, and evanescent, as her own immortal Psyche?

North.—She was.

Tickler.—And what the devil then would you be at with your great bawling He-Poets from the Lakes, who go round and round about, strutting upon nothing, like so many turkey-cocks gobbling with a long red pendant at their noses, and frightening away the fair and lovely swans as they glide down the waters of immortality?

Wordsworth is a poet—but unluckily is a weak man. His imagination shows him fine sights, but his intellect knows not how to deal with them, so that they vanish in glittering and gorgeous evaporation.

North.—Just so, Tickler—and then how ludicrously he overrates his own powers. This we all do, but Wordsworth's pride is like that of a straw-crowned king in Bedlam. For example, he indited some silly lines to a hedge-sparrow's nest with five eggs, and, years afterwards, in a fit of exultation, told the world, in another poem equally childish, that the Address to the Sparrow, was "one strain that will not die!" Ha! ha! ha! Can that be a great man?

Tickler.—Had that man in youth become the member of any profession, (which all poor men are bound to do,) he would soon have learned in the tussle to rate his powers more truly. How such a man as Jeffrey, with his endless volubility of ingenious argumentation, would have squabashed him before a jury! Suppose him Attorney-general in the Queen's trial, stammering before Brougham, who kept lowering upon him with that cadaverous and cruel countenance, on a sudden instinct with a hellish scorn! Or opposed in Parliament to the rapier of Canning, that even while glancing brightly before the eye, has already inflicted twenty disabling wounds! Or editor of a Poetical, Philosophical, and Political Journal, and under the influence of a malignant star, opposed, *vi et armis*, to Christopher North, the Victor in a Thousand Fields!

North.—Ay, ay, Tickler—my dear Tickler—He would have found his level then—but his excessive vanity——

Tickler.—Contrasted with the unassuming, and indeed retiring modesty—I might say bashfulness—of your mind and manners, sir, the arrogance of the stamp-master——

North.—Hush—no illiberal allusion to a man's trade.

Tickler.—I ask pardon. No person more illiberal on this very point than our lyrical ballad-monger. His whole writings, in verse and prose, are full of sneers at almost every profession but his own—and that being the case——

North.—Scott's poetry puzzles me—it is often very bad.

Tickler.—Very.

North.—Except when his martial soul is up, he is but a tame and feeble writer. His versification in general flows on easily—

smoothly—almost sonorously—but seldom or never with impetuosity or grandeur. There is no strength, no felicity in his diction—and the substance of his poetry is neither rich nor rare.

Tickler.—But then when his martial soul is up, and up it is at sight of a spear-point or a pennon, then indeed you hear the true poet of chivalry. What care I, Kit, for all his previous drivelling—if drivelling it be—and God forbid I should deny drivelling to any poet, ancient or modern—for now he makes my very soul to burn within me,—and, coward and civilian though I be,—yes, a most intense and insuperable coward, prizing life and limb beyond all other earthly possessions, and loath to shed one single drop of blood either for my King or country,—yet such is the trumpet-power of the song of that son of genius, that I start from my old elbow chair, up with the poker, tongs, or shovel, no matter which, and flourishing it round my head, cry,

“Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on!”

and then, dropping my voice, and returning to my padded bottom, whisper,

“Were the last words of Marmion!”

North.—Bravo—bravo—bravo!

Tickler.—I care not one single curse for all the criticism that ever was canted, or decanted, or recanted. Neither does the world. The world takes a poet as it finds him, and seats him accordingly above or below the salt. The world is as obstinate as a million mules, and will not turn its head on one side or another for all the shouting of the critical population that ever was shouted. It is very possible that the world is a bad judge. Well then—appeal to posterity, and be hanged to you—and posterity will affirm the judgment, with costs.

Therefore I say that Scott is a Homer of a poet, and so let him doze when he has a mind to it; for no man I know is better entitled to an occasional half-canto of slumber.

North.—Did you ever meet any of the Lake-Poets in private society?

Tickler.—Five or six times. Wordsworth has a grave, solemn, pedantic, awkward, out-of-the-worldish look about him, that rather puzzles you as to his probable profession, till he begins to speak—and then, to be sure, you set him down at once for a methodist preacher.

North.—I have seen Chantry's bust.

Tickler.—The bust flatters his head, which is not intellectual. The forehead is narrow, and the skull altogether too scanty. Yet the baldness, the gravity, and the composure, are impressive, and, on the whole, not unpoetical. The eyes are dim and thoughtful, and a certain sweetness of smile occasionally lightens up the strong lines of his countenance with an expression of courteousness and philanthropy.

North.—Is he not extremely eloquent?

Tickler.—Far from it. He labours like a whale spouting—his voice is wearisomely monotonous—he does not know when to have done with a subject—oraacularly announces perpetual truisms—never hits the nail on the head—and leaves you amazed with all that needless pother, which the simple bard opines to be eloquence, and which passes for such with his Cockney idolators, and his catechumens at Ambleside and Keswick. [*Blackwood's Mag.*]

SELECTED FOR THE MUSKUM.

THE LADY OF THE CASTLE.

From the "Portrait Gallery," an unfinished Poem, by Mrs. Hemans.

TAUO seest her pictured with her shining hair
 (Famed were its tresses in Provençal song),
 Half braided, half o'er cheek and bosom fair
 Let loose, and pouring sunny waves along
 Her gorgeous vest. A Child's light hand is roving
 'Midst the rich curls, and oh! how meekly loving
 Its earnest looks are lifted to the face
 Which bends to meet its lip in laughing grace!
 —Yet that bright Lady's eye methinks hath less
 Of deep, and still, and pensive tenderness,
 Than might beseech a Mother's!—on her brow
 Something too much there sits of native scorn,
 And her smile kindles with a conscious glow,
 As from the thought of sovereign beauty born.
 —These may be dreams!—but how shall woman tell
 Of woman's shame?—that radiant creature fell!
 That Mother left that Child!—went hurrying by
 Its cradle—haply not without a sigh—
 Haply one moment o'er its rest serene
 She hung—but no! it could not thus have been,
 For *she pass'd on!*—forsook her home and hearth,
 All pure affection, all sweet household mirth,
 To live a gaudy and dishonour'd thing,
 Sharing in guilt the splendours of a King!
 Her Lord, in very weariness of life,
 Girt on his mail for scenes of distant strife;
 He reck'd no more of glory; grief and shame
 Crush'd out his fiery nature, and his name
 Died silently. A shadow o'er his Halls
 Crept year by year; the minstrel pass'd their walls,
 The Warder's horn hung mute: meantime the Child
 On whose first flowering thoughts no parent smiled,
 A gentle girl, and yet deep-hearted, grew
 Into sad youth, for well, too well, she knew
 Her Mother's tale!—Its memory made the sky
 Seem all too joyous for her shrinking eye;
 Froze on her lip the stream of song, which fain
 Would there have linger'd; flush'd her cheek to pain
 If met by sudden glance, and gave a tone
 Of sorrow, as for something lovely gone,
 Even to the Spring's glad voice!—Her own was low
 As drooping bird's—there lie such depths of woe
 In a young blighted spirit!—Manhood rears
 A haughty brow, and Age hath done with tears,

But Youth bows down to misery, in amaze
At the dark cloud o'er mantling its young days;
And thus it was with her!—A mournful sight
In one so fair—for she indeed was fair,—
Not with her Mother's dazzling eyes of light,
Hers were more shadowy, full of thought and prayer,
And with long lashes o'er a white-rose cheek
Drooping in gloom; but tender still, and meek,
Still that fond Child's!—and oh! the brow above,
So pale and pure! so form'd for holy love
To gaze upon in silence!—but she felt
That love was not for her—though hearts would melt
Where'er she moved, and reverence, mutely given,
Went with her, and low prayers, that call'd on Heaven
To bless the young Isaure.

— One laughing morn,
With alms before her Castle-gate she stood,
'Midst peasant groups; when breathless and o'erworn,
And shrouded in long weeds of widowhood,
A stranger through them broke: the orphan maid,
With her soft voice and proffer'd hand of aid,
Turn'd to give welcome; but a wild sad look
Met hers, a gaze that all her spirit shook,
And that pale woman, suddenly subdued
By some strong passion in its gushing mood,
Knelt at her feet, and bathed them with such tears
As rain the hoarded agonies of years
From the heart's urn; and with her white lips press'd
The ground they trod; then, burying in her vest
Her brow's quick flush, sobbed out, "Oh undefiled!
I am thy Mother!—spurn me not, my Child!"

—Isaure had pray'd for that lost mother—wept
O'er her stain'd memory, while the happy slept
In the hush'd midnight; stood with mournful gaze
Before yon picture's smile of other days;
But never breath'd in human ear the name
Which weigh'd her being to the earth with shame!
—What marvel if the anguish, the surprise,
The dark remembrances—the alter'd guise,
Awhile o'erpower'd her?—from the weeper's touch
She shrank—'twas but a moment—yet too much
For that all humbled one!—its mortal stroke
Came down like lightning's,—and her full heart broke
At once, in silence!—heavily and prone
She sank, while o'er her Castle's threshold-stone
Those long fair tresses—*they* still brightly wore
Their early pride, though bound with pearls no more—
Hursting their fillet, in sad beauty roll'd,
And swept the dust with coils of wavy gold!

Her child bent o'er her—call'd her—'twas too late—
Dead lay the wanderer at her own proud gate!
The joy of courts, the star of knight and bard—
—How didst thou fall, oh! bright-hair'd Ermengarde!

F. H.
[*New Monthly Magazine*]

SELECTED FOR THE MUSEUM.

AN HOUR OF ROMANCE.

THERE were thick leaves above me and around,
 And low sweet sighs, like those of Childhood's sleep,
 Amidst their dimness, and a fitful sound,
 As of soft showers on water: dark and deep
 Lay the oak-shadows o'er the turf, so still,
 They seem'd but pictured glooms!—a hidden rill
 Made music, such as haunts us in a dream,
 Under the fern-tufts; and a tender gleam
 Of emerald light, as by the glow-worm shed,
 Came pouring through the woven beech-boughs down,
 And steep'd the magic page wherein I read
 Of Royal Chivalry and old Renown:
 A tale of Palestine!—Meanwhile the bee
 Swept past me with a tone of summer hours,
 A drowsy bugle, wafting thoughts of flowers,
 Blue skies, and amber sunshine: brightly free
 On filmy wings, the purple dragon-fly
 Shot glancing like a fairy javelin by;
 And a sweet voice of sorrow told the dell
 Where sat the lone wood-pigeon.—

But ere long.

All sense of these things faded, as the spell
 Breathing from that high gorgeous tale grew strong
 On my chain'd soul!—'twas not the leaves I heard—
 —A Syrian breeze the lion-banner stirr'd
 Through its proud floating folds!—'twas not the brook
 Singing in secret through its glassy glen—
 —A wild shrill trumpet of the Saracen
 Peal'd from the Desert's lonely heart, and shook
 The burning air!—Like clouds when winds are high,
 O'er glittering sands flew steeds of Araby,
 And tents rose up, and sudden lance and spear
 Flash'd where a fountain's diamond wave lay clear,
 Shadow'd by graceful palm-trees!—Then the shout
 Of merry England's joy rang freely out,
 Sent through an Eastern heaven, whose glorious hue
 Made shields dark mirrors to its depths of blue;
 And harps were there—I heard their sounding strings,
 As the waste echo'd to the mirth of Kings!

—The bright masque vanish'd!—unto life's worn track
 What call'd me from its world of glory back?

—A voice of happy Childhood!—and they pass'd,
 Banner, and harp, and Paynim trumpet's blast!
 Yet might I scarce bewail the splendours gone,
 My heart so leap'd to that sweet laughter's tone! F. H.

[*New Monthly Mag.*

SELECTED FOR THE MUSEUM.

STILL PROUDLY TRILLS THY WITCHING VOICE.

STILL proudly trills thy witching voice,
 The sweetest of the sweet;
 And still the ivory notes rejoice
 Thy fairer hand to greet.

I knew thee when that tongue was sweeter,
Or sweeter seem'd to be;
When music to thy touch came fleetier,
Or so it seem'd to me.

It was ere fashion's flattery
Had hung upon thy song,
'Twas when you wished for only me,
Nor sought the applauding throng.

'Twas when those notes to me had grown
Not all indifferent;
'Twas when the magic of thy tone
With love alone was blent.

I care not that thy song sound well,
Like what I once adored;
If once the heart I had rebel—
I would not be its lord.

Thy heart so clear—thy faith so free—
These wove my spirit's net;
Thy beauty's iris fades to me,—
When truth, its sun, is set.

C. M.

[*Blackwood's Edin. Mag.*]

SELECTED FOR THE MUSEUM.

BUTLERIANA.

From unpublished Manuscripts.

It is pleasant and instructive too to take a peep into the study of a celebrated author, and watch the process by which he arrives at celebrity; to mark the first draft of a work, and trace the various alterations and polishings which it undergoes before it is deemed worthy of meeting the eye of the great world. Where excellence has been attained, the labour has in general not been slight, nor the time short. Inspiration descends in the likeness of a dove only upon the heads of a very few of the favoured of heaven: the greater part of those whose eyes and resolutions are fixed on performing something deserving of praise, must supply its place by silent toil and unceasing diligence. Of the latter class was Samuel Butler, a great quantity of whose unpublished manuscripts are now in our possession, from which we are able to trace the mode of composition which he practised. Butler's progress was by "toilsome steps and slow;" although he was one of the wittiest, he was also one of the most learned of authors: he had not only read every thing which was commonly read by the philosophers and poets of his time, but he had deviated into all the obscure corners and by-ways of literature, and devoured whatever was strange or fantastical, learned or ridiculous. The extent of his knowledge was only equalled by the keenness of his observation, and the brilliancy of his wit. He had an eye for every thing whimsical or singular, the most exquisite perception of the resemblances and differences of things; his comparisons are uncommon, and his combinations surprising. Of these characteristics, the manuscripts

afford abundant examples. They are partly in prose and partly in verse, and are generally written in a distinct and particularly small hand. They appear to have been his common-place books, in which he registered such thoughts as flitted across his mind; the prose and poetry are separate, and are divided into separate heads, such as Religion, Law, Physic, Chemistry, Astrology, &c. The poetical common-place book, to which our attention in this paper is particularly directed, consists of a collection of detached thoughts and comparisons arranged under the above heads, and sometimes continued for many pages together, and written consecutively, but without order and connexion. Though put down quite at random, the thoughts and illustrations are, when taken separately, perfect in themselves. It is remarkable that many of them are repeated in the same or in different pages, and some of them which appear to have been special favourites several times. They are, however, seldom varied from what appears to have been his first conception of them. Butler's observation was naturally turned to those things which occupied the attention of the nation at that time; religion, government, and law are the subjects on which he has chiefly commented in the manuscripts under consideration. Those are varied with witty remarks on astrology, physic, &c. Many thoughts, and some whole paragraphs with different degrees of alteration, and sometimes with none, have been transferred from the common-place books into *Hudibras*. Indeed, *Hudibras* seems actually to have grown out of these very books; in *Hudibras* the narrative is a mere accident introduced for the purpose of enlivening the satire. Butler's design was to satirize the absurdities of the theology of the day, the follies of credulous ignorance, the Charlatanism of crafty roguery, and the abuses of government. On these subjects he has a great variety of remarks and similitudes in his common-place books, both in prose and verse; and these polished, and amplified, and thrown into the shape of a narrative, make up the extraordinary poem of *Hudibras*. A few extracts from the manuscripts are subjoined, partly on account of their peculiarity, and partly as specimens of his mode of composition.

The following lines are taken from the part entitled *Law*.

For breaking of the laws of the land, at least,
Is more than half the public interest,
That might as prudently have ne'er been made
As punctually by every one obey'd;
For then they would but signify all one,
In wise and cautious governments, with none;
For what but breaking of the law supports
The necessary dignity of courts;
That but for murders, felony's, and stealths,
Would be no real parts of commonwealths;
For how could justice bear the vast expense,
If none should dare to give the laws offence.
For numbers may t' infinity be grown,
But never be diminish'd below one.
Without the tale of numbers birds are wont
To keep of time an exquisite account:

Can cast up all their reckonings, how long
They are to sit before they hatch their young.
And all that time can tell at what o'clock
The hen's expected to relieve the cock,
To recreate his weariness, and when
He is to do the same thing for the hen.

Time allows the shortest measure,
And deals with falsest weights in pleasure :
Steals th' idle and itself away,
And is the greatest cheat in play.

Time made truth, like El'nor at Queen Hythe,
Sink under ground for fear to spoil his scythe;
For though at once it mow down age and youth,
It turns edge when it ventures upon truth.

Some other couplets are distinguished by the curious manner in which opposite things are brought together, and some by the singularity of the rhyme. We add a few examples.

For to hang oneself is counted no disgrace,
But to be hang'd by others vile and base.

A Papist

Is but an ignorant implicit atheist,
That thinks to be religious without piety,
And eats instead of worshipping the deity.

As salt rusts iron and steel, so too much wit
Debases valour when they chance to meet.

That could discover only by the smoke
Tobacco-stoppers of the royal oak.

The ancient Jews did mourn in sack-cloth,
As modern Christians do in black cloth.

So he that had been cur'd by flies that got
By chance into the medicine and the pot;
But when the dose was spent : he sent for more
With those black creatures in it he took before ;

For men are brought to worse distresses,
By catching physic than diseases;
And therefore commonly recover
As soon as Doctors give them over.

Those pigs the devil did possess,
Mistook themselves for porpoises;
And run into the sea to find,
And mix with others of their kind.

The following are specimens of the manner in which the Common-place Book is composed.

As no edge is accounted sharp and keen,
That by the subtlest eye is to be seen,
So no wit for acute should be allow'd,
That's plain and easy to be understood.
The one half of mankind has been begot
Against the other half's design or thought;
As Pliny's partridges are say'd to tread
Another covey flying o'er its head.
For lesser balances are found to go
More accurately than great ones, and more true
As single drops will mollify a stone,
Which mighty showers fall in vain upon.

So the blind moor that smelling to a cload,
 Led on the caravan an unknown road.
 Or the aged minister, that with a pair
 Of spectacles could read the common prayer,
 But could remember not one word, when those
 He us'd to read it with were off his nose.
 The Goth and Vandal, and the savage Hun,
 Did learning less hurt than itself has done;
 For ignorance, like desperate diseases,
 Still stupifies the part on which it seizes.
 The greatest cheats are us'd in public stocks,
 And dullest errors in th' account of books;
 For books were made for men, not men for books.
 No more than meat was made for dressing-cooks,
 Are commonly the by-blows of an author.
 Not one in forty has an honest mother;
 For most men grow the worse the more they read,
 As elks (they say) go backwards when they feed;
 For all a pedant's art lies in his terms,
 As conjurers and witches in their charms,
 That use t' observe the greatest complaisance
 To the outward forms of things and circumstance;
 Resolve the difficult'st of all book cases,
 Only by proper or improper phrases.
 Affect a nasty mien, and, out of pride,
 Neglect themselves and all the world beside;
 As if it were an argument of virtue
 And judgment to be slovenly and dirty.
 From whence it's evident the greatest fools
 Have not been changed ith' cradle; but the schools
 And stationers that only deal in books
 Are found to be the greatest knaves and rooks.

For smaters grow more arrogant and pert
 The less they truly understand an art;
 For some are still most constantly employ'd
 In doing what they study to avoid.
 For mankind naturally resents the need
 Of nothing more than what they are forbid.
 For to consider's nothing but to prune;
 All that's superfluous is over done;
 And not impertinently to add more
 To what was too extravagant before.
 And therefore a judicious author's blots
 Are more ingenious than his first free thoughts.
 And those that understand are modester
 In telling truth, than pedants when they err,
 Are most severe themselves to all they write,
 As candles tremble when they give us light.

Several parts of the above extracts are distinguished by the peculiar aptness and novelty which characterize Hudibras, and are not unworthy of the pen of Butler. They are also deserving of notice, as showing, in some measure, the manner in which he composed. He seems to have considered these books as mere depositaries of his loose thoughts, which he has heaped together without care or selection, reserving the classification of them to such times as he should have occasion to bring them into actual use. They are written as fairly out as they could be, without blot or obliteration, and, to the eye, have the appearance of a series of regular poems, instead of paragraphs, which have no mutual dependence or connexion. We shall give more of them.

Literary Intelligence.

Mr. M'Phun, we understand, intends giving as a frontispiece to his next volume of the *Glasgow Mechanics' Magazine*, a highly finished portrait of Professor Anderson, the original founder of *Mechanics' Institutions*. This engraving is from a very scarce etching in the possession of Alexander M'Grigor, Esq. of Kernock, in which, it is said, the likeness of the venerable Doctor is remarkably well preserved.

New Editions.—The following whimsical law-suit is at present the subject of much conversation in Paris:—A dramatic author, Mr. C. B. sold to a publisher an edition of one of his last comedies, for 1,500 francs. The publisher, however, finding the work go off heavily, by dint of a new title-page converted the copies of the first edition, which remained on his hands, into a second, and even a third edition. The author has brought his action against the publisher, and nobody can guess how the matter will be decided.

The encouragement given to oriental literature in France, becomes every day more extensive, the vast stores of the royal library, so rich in oriental literature, are to be explored anew, and those MSS. deemed worthy of impression are to be printed at the public expense.

The governments of Europe vie with each other in seconding this impulse. The King of Prussia has founded an university at Bonn, which is devoted to the study of the Asiatic languages; the King of Bavaria, the Duke of Gotha, and the King of Denmark, have sent into Asia and into Africa in search of manuscripts; Holland brings forth successors to the Schultens, and Russia is lavish in its encouragements and rewards to genius.

After mentioning these facts, a report by the keeper of the seals in Paris, proceeds: "Would it not be possible, after the model of the great Byzantine collection, and the compilations of the councils, and of the historians of France, which were formerly executed at the royal press, to undertake the formation of a collection of the principal oriental works, to be published under the auspices of your Majesty? It would be very easy for the royal press* to complete the execution of this enterprise, without any interruption in the usual course of its proceedings, or even without its causing any material expense."

A decree has since been issued, containing regulations for the accomplishment of the project.

Mr. Bentley, a member of the Asiatic Society, has in the press, we understand, "*An Historical View of the Hindu Astronomy*," from the earliest dawn of that science in India, down to the present time.

Preparing for publication, *Remains of the Rev. Christian Frederick Schwartz, Missionary in India*; consisting of his *Letters and Journals*; with a *Sketch of his Life*.

Select Specimens of English Prose and Poetry, from the Age of Elizabeth to the present Time, including, in a moderate size, considerable portions of those authors who have had a decided influence over our language and literature; to which will be added, *Introductory Essays*, by the Rev. Geo. Walker, Head-master of the Leeds Grammar-school, in two volumes, duodecimo, are nearly ready for publication.

Mr. C. A. Elton, author of *Specimens of the Classic Poets*, has in the press a *History of the Roman Emperors, from the Accession of Augustus to the Fall of the last Constantine*.

Sketches, Political, Geographical, and Statistical, of the United Provinces of Rio de la Plata, &c., will soon be published.

The *Second Correspondence of Madame de Maintenon, and the Princess des Ursins*, from the original letters, in the possession of the Duke de Choiseul, is in the press; and stated to contain a more interesting account of the political transactions and secret intrigues of the Court of Louis XIV. than any other hitherto published.

* The royal press was founded by Francis the First, and has since that era greatly contributed to the advancement of learning.—Ed. L. G.

Part II. of Dr. Kitchiner's *Economy of the Eyes, and Treatise on Telescopes*, being the result of thirty years' experiments, is preparing for publication.

Phantasmagoria; or, *Sketches of Life and Literature*, 2 vols. post 8vo., is announced.

A third part of the *Points of Humour*, with *Cuts and Illustrations* by G. Cruikshank, is nearly ready.

A new historical novel, entitled "*The Hearts of Steel*," by the author of "*O'Halloran*," &c., is in the press.

Sir John Barrington's *Historical Anecdotes of Ireland* are nearly ready.

Letters of Marshal Conway, from 1744 to 1784, embracing the period when he was commander of the forces and secretary of state, will speedily be published.

The *Memoirs and Correspondence of Paul Jones* will be ready in a few days.

Mr. E. T. Artis, the author of *Roman Antiquities*, to whose perseverance and indefatigable exertions the public are indebted for the discovery of the Roman Station at Castor in Northamptonshire, has nearly ready for publication, in 1 vol. 4to., his *Antediluvian Phytology*, illustrated by a Collection of the Fossil Remains of Plants peculiar to the Coal formations of Great Britain.

The four volumes of *Sermons* by the late Dr. Doddridge, the publication of which was directed in his will, and which have hitherto remained in the custody of the family, will shortly appear.

Dr. Birkbeck is adding to his public services, by undertaking to edit a great and magnificent work, displaying the *Useful Arts and Manufactures of Great Britain*, similar to "*Les Arts et Métiers*" of France. Its publication will be commenced early next winter, and it will be subdivided so as to accord with the means of purchasers of every degree of fortune. The engravings alone will employ fifty artists during the three or four years of its progressive publication.

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